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THE POEM OF MR. PIGEON:

EDITOR OF THE 'CRUSTACEAN:' REVIEWED BY CAPTAIN CROSSBELL, EDITOR OF THE 'TESTACEAN.'

HERE in a thin volume, adorned with a sorry cut of the 'Polyphemean University,' we have the first appearance of the wonderful little editor of the 'Crustacean' in a new character, positively a new character, namely, poet. Following the erudite anniversary oration of Hon. Mr. Themis, and preceding the Alumnean statistics for 1857-8, we behold with some astonishment the soul of Mr. Pigeon bursting forth, regardless of consequences, in a metrical freshet of several hundred lines, and depositing a sediment of *great* and *fertilizing* thoughts on what was before but a barren expanse of paper. 'Poem read before the Alumni of the Polyphemean University.' Upon our editorial word, we really begin to look upon the three-story brick building on the other side of the street, from the upper story of which Pigeon issues his weekly pestilence, as a sort of Olympus where the whole of the Dii Majores are buttoned under the editor's vest in the disguise of a human unit. Thus the town knows that Pigeon can thunder like a very Jupiter Tonans. Witness his last leader in relation to the delegates elected, (and *regularly* elected too, whatever may be said to the contrary by the reckless rule-or-ruin crustaceous faction,) to represent this county at the State convention of the Republicatic party. Fairer caucus never was in the world. Grant that our tonitrous little friend with a few gentlemen of his own shell did get accidentally crowded out of the window, leaving only a few fragments of caudal broadcloth as mementoes to console us for their lamented absence; was that little casualty, we ask, a sufficient reason for harrowing the public mind with four columns of mingled oburgation and affidavit headed, '*The Crucial Outrage of the Age!*' '*The Rape of the Sabine Woman Paralleled!*' '*The Republicatic Party in New-Sebastopol in the power of Hessian mercenaries!*' No; the rage of Pigeon was inexcusable, although sublime. The great London Thunderer was never in more Jovian mood.

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But furthermore we have reason to believe that the valorous Mars himself is secreted behind the before-mentioned vest-buttons of the 'Crustacean.' The fact was never more signally proven than on the day when, as our readers are aware, it became our^d duty to pull his nose. We called at his office on that interesting occasion, accompanied only by a single reporter and an *attaché* of the pictorial press, but before we could enact a single paragraph of history, Pigeon effected such a neat and expeditious retreat through the scuttle, drawing the ladder after him, that the spectators at once recognized the presence of the same divinity who inspired Xenophon, Fabius, Santa Anna, and all the great retrograde strategists of the world. It is needless to say that we left the laurels of that field to be gathered by some bolder spirit than we are. Then again, to show that Pigeon is able to stand with credit in the sandals of the eloquent Mercury, we have but to refer to his lecture on 'The Created Universe, Material and Immaterial,' which he delivered before the Piketown Lyceum last winter, and which was noticed so handsomely in the local editor's column of the 'Crustacean,' (without the knowledge of the senior editor, *of course*.) We believe the 'well of English undefiled,' was pumped entirely dry on that occasion, as it necessarily must have been to irrigate so extensive a field, and the lecturer was obliged to extend hose to four or five other wells.

Last of all, the fact now leaks out that Apollo himself has not disdained to masquerade in this lower sphere in the mortal apparition which, under the name of Pigeon, goes about our streets confessing himself to be the editor of a crustaceous journal of the most *abject* and *unmitigated* description. Here in the volume referred to at the commencement of our article, is the proof of what we say. Pigeon it seems is an A.B., nay, even an A.M. While we, on the gory field of Cherubusco inhaled the sulphureous fumes of battle, and were laying, as we in our simplicity imagined, some foundation for a claim to the gratitude of our country, to the extent possibly of a small collectorship, our little friend over the street was nursing his precious intellect in the halls of the Polyphemean University, and in due time was rewarded with the usual graduating parchment. These circumstances, it seems, entitled him to claim and receive a certain office here at the disposal of party leaders, while *our* degree of A.B., or Bachelor of Arms, engrossed on our own hide by the sabre of Montezuma himself as we entered his celebrated halls at the head of the American troops, entitled *us* to step to the background. We mention this trifling circumstance in no invidious spirit, nor by way of accounting for our perhaps not wholly concealed scorn and contempt of the editor of the 'Crustacean.' We allow no such things to influence our

judgment of men or affairs. But we allude to the facts simply because they are facts, and truth is always wholesome, wherever disclosed.

Well, our neighbor being a graduate of this institution of learning, was, it seems, solicited to deliver the annual poem before the alumni; and as he never declines any undertaking, however herculean, nor omits any opportunity to remind the public of his existence; of course he wrote and read the poem, just as he would have delivered the annual *Concio ad clerum* before the Spanish Inquisition, or fathered a new theory of Waterspouts for the British Association, if invited. Now as our purpose is to give our readers some idea of this last lucubration of our little friend, we will proceed at once to our task, without any injurious prefatory remarks; for we desire to do Pigeon justice, and allow our readers to conceive in their own minds if possible, any excuse for his pushing himself before the public with his ridiculous poetical claims.

Our poet begins with an address to various individuals, bachelors, doctors, teachers of tongues and languages, ciphering sages, and various other members of society, and also to the

‘WORTHIES of the quill and brief,
Who don like me such academic tatters,
As ten years cruising in an open skiff,
Pirating up and down the sea of life,
Has left to honor this our Alma Mater’s
Thanksgiving day,’ etc. etc.

Having made sure of universal attention by specially calling upon all sorts of persons who could be expected to be present, he of course has something important to say. And what is it? Why, (to compress in a few words what Pigeon with difficulty declares in several stanzas,) simply this: ‘Why, in the name of all that is sensible, have you pressed me, a proser, into service as a poet?’ Now here is the only glimmering of common-sense in the whole melancholy business, and if Pigeon had then sat down and waited till the assembled learning of the audience had given a satisfactory response to his question, the poem would just at that spot have ended. Every body would have gone home; the university printer would never have had the crime of ruining so many pages of innocent paper to answer for; the critic would not have been required to lead Pigeon to the slaughter-block, and humanity in general would have escaped a neuralgic twinge. Unhappily, however, the honorable gent did not stop to allow the point to be discussed, or the previous question moved on him, but stalked on after the following style:

‘In ancient time, no hand of mortal dared
To touch the thund’ring strings of that great lyre
Which JUPITER’s bright son, the golden-haired,
Played in the gates of morning, when the fire
Of day’s new orb first kindled night’s deep realm,
And light and music did the anarch’s hosts o’erwhelm.

‘Though th’ Olympian harper down to earth
 Stepped from the clouds, and gave the harp to men,
 That Valor might be born, and Song and Mirth
 Cheer mortal hearts, and e’en the clam’rous den
 Where dwell the nether demons might be hushed
 No man dared touch the gift, but all stood back, abashed.
 ‘But proudly the grand old Grecian came:
 And he, the first of all the sons of clay,
 Could touch the awful lyre and not be slain.
 Far down the ages swept his mighty lay;
 And unborn souls of heroes heard the song,
 Watching behind Time’s curtain in a god-like throng.’

After the statement of the above historical facts, we wondered how it was that the editor of the ‘Crustacean’ ventured to meddle with so dangerous a machine, but we soon found the explanation in the following stanza:

‘But in these modern days of pompous science,
 When every donkey sports a Nubian mane:
 When pigmies strut the streets in boots of giants,
 And Jove’s proud eagle, by the chattering crane
 Is fluttered from his perch, the lyre — ah! shame!
 Is to the gallows tied with hangman’s ropes,
 And coxcombs kick the wires divine with shameless boots.’

This was intended, we suppose, as a slur at the nineteenth century, out of complaisance to the learned owls on the platform, but the poet was unconsciously characterizing his own performance, and we ought not therefore to find fault with it, as it is in accordance with usage for poets to prefix their own portraits to their works.

Pigeon then alludes to the martial and romantic spirit which has pervaded the poetry of nearly all nations, down to our own time, and refers to the inclination of the Muse in our own day to abandon these old themes, and harmonize her numbers with the pacific and industrial spirit of our times. It is said she

‘GIVES prosy CLIO catapult and sabre,
 And sings, or tries to sing, the psalms of Labor.
 ‘Hear her exhort: ‘O toiling brother-soul,
 Gnashing thy teeth upon the anguished Sphere,
 Promethean-vulture-torn, with Ixion-roll
 Self-gyrated! Awake! thy task is here,
 Amid the earnest phalanx of the Doers!
 Where great Humanity’s heart’s choral Symphony
 Voluminously deep, out-thunders hoary Infamy!’

This fine stanza, by the distinguished poet Spread, is introduced by our editor with a sneer, (when *his* grovelling muse can surpass the ‘Marsellaise of Labor’ it will be early enough for Pigeon to sneer,) and with the assertion that for his part he do n’t believe in the genuineness of these ‘raptures over Adam’s curse.’ He supports his position in the following language, which for some reason not understood by us, the printer has divided into short lines, each commencing with a capital letter, namely:

- ‘THE Muse loves not the grindstone: King ADMETUS
 Found lord APOLLO but a faithless serf:
 Lions devoured the flocks, gnats and mosquitos
 Tortured the herds, while stretched upon the turf
 The good-for-nothing herdsman watched the clouds,
 Or flirted with the Dryad ladies in the woods.
- ‘I have small faith in sudden reformatations.
 When the Parnassian Amazon becomes
 A factory-girl, and talks to edification
 O’ the good of spindles and the shame of drums,
 I hope the fit will last till Nineteen-Hundred,
 But if I have my doubts ’t will not be wondered.
- ‘’Tis well enough, when one’s poor hurdy-gurdy
 Must grind some tune for academic youth,
 To chaunt the psalms of work, howe’er absurdly,
 And pipe up strong on Progress, Freedom, Truth,
 And such abstractions as are now admired,
 Good things no doubt, but which make one so tired.
- ‘Tis well to point fine youth to ‘fame’s proud steep
 That shines afar;’ to hint of HUMBOLDT, NEWTON;
 To recommend them to dispense with sleep;
 Extol hard workers, Saxon, Frank, or Teuton,
 Shout ‘*quisque suae fortunae est faber*,’
 With other ache-suggesting saws of Labor.
- ‘But here, among these medalled veterans
 Who have seen service in life’s tedious wars,
 And who have gained in wearisome campaigns
 Perhaps a little spoil, but many scars,
 Let no smart bard blow the recruiting fife;
 Enough we’ve had of labor, sweat and strife.
- ‘And as for that ‘proud steep’ (not on the maps)
 Where SHAKESPEARE, CAESAR, BACON, CICERO,
 And all those demi-gods to whom men’s caps
 Fly up, are seen by gaping folks below,
 To congregate, that envied House of Peers,
 Whose doors are oped for man but once each hundred years:
- ‘We want no rhymster with heroics shrill
 To urge us up the treacherous ascent;
 Let those who wish, ascend the icy hill:
 We with less dizzy paths are now content;
 And choose the cozy tavern in the vale
 Rather than first-class lodgings in the realms of hail’

Having indulged in this grovelling train of thought as long as it was probably safe for him to do so, even before the despicable audience which (taking his own words for it) listened to him, Pigeon proceeds to business; for all his ‘song’ up to this point is, it seems a mere prelude to the main performance. With an entire change of time and key, somewhat like the transition from a corduroy road to unmitigated mud, our poet opens thus:

- ‘CAESAR has caught his castle in the air:
 On yonder summit stands the shining pile:
 From cliff to cloud the flanking towers rise,
 And the steep dome between flings off its splendors;
 A rising moon betwixt white mountain peaks.’

Pigeon then goes on to relate how this castle in the air, this 'vagrom' castle, got 'comprehended,' as Dogberry has it. It was originally made from 'the mist of night,' by some 'aery Angelo.' There was only one man in the world who was able to see it, namely, the aforesaid Cæsar. Persons who are out very late in the night might have seen what they supposed was

'A MOUNT of fog
Piled by the envious fiends against the gate
Whence morning comes,'

(the said evil spirits having, we suppose, the insane idea of blockading day-light.) But when this mysterious individual looked at the fog-bank at two o'clock in the morning, he saw another sight:

'He gazed, and lo! the sullen range of mist
Was all illumined by a central light;
And then flashed out in the last hours of night
The very house of Jove, sent down from heaven.
'Tis thine,' the tempter said; 'go and possess
The house which Heaven, and Fate the lord of Heaven,
And I the lord of Fate, have made for thee:
And on the throne which yonder dome but canopies,
Reign thou the lord of all the realms of earth
Which from that lofty seat thou may'st behold;
But bend the knee to me, thy sovereign;
'Tis well; thou art most wise! the deed is thine.'

Rather a heavy transaction in real-estate, that, and all 'resting in parol' as the lawyers say, not a seal, not a sign nor scrap of paper. It then became necessary for Pigeon to have the day break, and he breaks it thus:

'THEN in the east morn's little postern gate
Was opened, and day's skirmishers ran out;
Gray archers running through the air like eagles,
Spreading to right and left, a saucy troop,
Shooting, as they ran, the night's swart spectres
That stalked with ebon shields upon the hills,
But fled in rage and fear, most sorely stung
Between their harness-joints by the slim arrows.
The lights within the aery palace faded;
Once more 't was but a homely mount of fog:
And when the royal conquering chariot
Bore the day's emperor up the eastern sky,
Trampled beneath his horses' fiery hoofs
That house of Jove floated adown the vale,
Trailing along the ground, a tattered mist.'

Our hero must have felt somewhat confounded, to see his fine estate dissolving in such style, our readers doubtless suppose. Never was a greater mistake. Pigeon's 'heir of realms in cloud-land,' not in the least affected by the singular effect which the 'chemical ray' had on his property, went on in dead earnest to find his missing mansion. Without going much into particulars, it is sufficient to say that the road led through certain 'royal courts' positively necessary for him

to pass through. The proprietor thereof, however, had objections: the hero, however, was resolute, and pushed ahead:

'He paused not, though the guardsmen's levelled pikes
Warned back the rash intruder. With a blow
He overthrew the clumsy slaves, passed on,
And haughtily the royal threshold crossed;
Yea, with audacious feet he dared to stride
Into the audience-hall with his bared sword.
A troop rushed in and rallied round the throne;
A thousand foes beset him front and rear.
The trumpets cry, the drums alarming roll,
The muskets blundering volley, and the dialogue
'Twixt steel and steel, quick, sharp, and soon concluded,
Rang for a moment through the mouldy halls;
And when the fray was done, oh! piteous sight,
The errant knight disarmed, defeated, stood
A captive in the midst of wondering throngs.
The soldiers leaning on their pieces, looked
In silence: possibly a thought or two
Ploughed o'er the weed-grown surface of their brains
And broke the fallow for the future seed.
A group of courtiers chattered airily,
Dispensing with free tongues th' occasion's wit;
And, from their interrupted conclave hasting,
The minister came forth with trembling limb,
And cried: 'Away to prison with the madman!'

Pigeon now most unhandsomely treats his hero to a term in the penitentiary; but the hero keeps up his courage and gets an occasional view of his tantalizing investment:

'When toward the east the drowsy sentry looked
In vain for day's first ray, the sleepless captive
Saw from his tower the glorious phantom flash,
As if from heaven Sirius were plucked,
And swung the central lamp from that vast dome.'

By-and-by his rather dismal prospects slightly improve. A subterranean convulsion attended with electrical manifestations entirely prostrates the obnoxious structure, and the Pharaoh who had imprisoned the hero has to run for his life. The hero takes this opportunity to come out; people extremely glad to see him, but very much puzzled to know what to do with themselves. The hero plays his cards skilfully:

'He stood beside the broken throne and swore:
'Freedom shall be yours, O men and brothers,
Or I will fall, the latest blest of those
Who draw from Freedom's helm the lot of death.'
So Freedom girt a sword upon his thigh,
And placed upon his breast her ancient badge:
And made him her new champion, for all
The worthy who had worn that starry emblem
Long since had died, they and their valiant sons.'

Pigeon then envelopes the earth in darkness, puts the people to bed, and sets the hero on guard. Suddenly he sees the airy palace. This time it is not far away on the 'far-off crags that wall the world;'

'But close at hand, upon the nearest steep,
Flaming with haughty glories to the stars.'

The hero now sees that his time has come. He pushes on regardless of danger, and although, as Pigeon emphatically says, that

'SHADES of noble men, the knights
Of Liberty's round-table, long since dead,
Arose and stood across the way: in sorrow
Some implored, and warned with outstretched hands,
And others frowned from their immortal brows
Contempt and wrath;'

the hero is wisely uninfluenced by these apparitions; goes on without faltering, and at last reaches the long-wished-for, often-seen, and forever unattainable moonshine mansion:

'AND lo! a wonder happened: when his foot
But touched the threshold of the airy castle,
Instantly the unsubstantial pile
Became all adamant from base to dome.'

After this satisfactory turn of affairs, the hero getting comfortably settled on his throne, with his legs, we doubt not, elevated with nonchalance, on the table before him, Pigeon treats us to another day-break:

'But soon in the abyss day's champion,
The sun-born HERCULES, arose in wrath,
Flinging, for his lion's hide, a robe
Of tawny clouds upon his shoulders; scaled
The peaks that wall the world, where turbid heaps
Of thunder-laden clouds o'erhung the vales.
Full on the hosts of night he hurled his glories!
They fled in anguish, pierced with blades of flame.
But it fell not, that fortress of thin mist,
Which erst at day's first fire dissolved in air;
Defiant on the steep, its walls of adamant
Flung back the sun's hot darts with haughtier blaze.

'Then men arose and saw, with souls amazed,
The fortress standing on the beetling steep,
Lording it o'er the city; saw the flags
Of regiments encamped on the plateau
That stretched beside the castle's further wall:
Beheld the gaunt and brazen-bellied cannon
Resting their bronze jaws upon the rocks,
Like lions grouped upon some lonely steep,
And gazing on the herdsman's fold below.
And, sight more wondrous, saw the knight of Freedom
A sceptred CÆSAR throned 'mid shameful pomps.'

Forcible Pigeon! we regret that space compels us to shut off this muddy cataract. Suffice it to say that the citizens are not suited with the nocturnal arrangement, and talk of abating the nuisance. Hero however is made of too stern stuff for such nonsense, and lets loose his regiments:

'THERE was one day of wrath
Through the devoted city, and at eve
The host returned with jaunty music trilling
Through the sweet evening air, while gashed Rebellion
Lay, a dead carcass, in the street.

This settles the business, and Cæsar has his own way after this, and Pigeon remarks :

'AH! nobler far is this
A house like Jove's, or tithe of Jove's dominion,
Than Freedom's Spartan tent and jealous rule.
He waves his hand; obedient frigates bow,
And spreading their vast wings, in silence fly,
Eagles of doom, around the hemisphere.
He points his sword toward turrets glimmering
Where the first morning rays salute the world,
And armies rise up with a shout, and haste
To do his bidding in the clouds of battle.
He scrawls his name, and twenty distant senates
Utter in twenty tongues their doubts and fears.
He smiles, and stocks that lately sank like lead,
Bounce cork-like to the topmost market tide.
He calls for physic, and a million types
Hop from their nests like startled grasshoppers.
He bites his thumb, and straight the dizzy telegraph
Flashes the tidings that his highness sulks.'

Pigeon has now got his hero, after all his troubles, living in greater content amid his splendors

'THAN CINCINNATUS knew — that narrow soul —
Who prized those stingy boons of liberty,
A farm, an ox, a single suit of clothes,
And that not worn except to save the State.
True now and then a peevish pistol-shot,
Or gleam of ill-thrust dagger starts his nerves:
But how were safety prized without the spice
Of danger?'

Pigeon next gives us a bird's-eye view of a grand evening levee at his hero's. We can't take up room with a description of the scene, which we doubt not was strictly first-class. The poet admits himself unequal to the undertaking, and concedes that

'SWIVELLER himself,
Although with Heliconian bumpers deluged,'

would have been dumb had even he been required to report the affair for the Court Journal. Among the guests our poet notices one whose republican simplicity pleases him :

'HE bears nor sword, nor star, nor e'en a diamond;
A pale-faced, studious man, of charming modesty,
Sweet-voiced, with calm and sympathetic eye.'

Pigeon at first supposes him to be a man of science, philanthropist, professor, or something of the sort; afterwards changes his mind on listening to a conversation between his hero and the prim stranger

apart from the guests, on a balcony overlooking an extended scene. The hero charges the stranger with fraud in the real-estate transaction alluded to in the commencement of the poem :

‘DIDST thou not promise me for mine all realms
Which from this height mine eye might look upon ?
Yet see, yon petty stream clips my dominion
Like some mean ditch bounding a peasant’s farm.
Yonder the hills receive my words of rule,
And toss them back to me with mocking echoes.
And there, not e’en a ditch, or hill, or hedge,
Marks where I may not dare to bid
A swineherd doff his cap: but with her crutch
Diplomacy (that worthy, anxious nurse,
Who ties us monarchs to her easy-chair
Lest we should burn our fingers while she naps)
Has scratched a line, beyond which all my thunders
Are but the barkings of a petulant cur.
Yes, all around me are fair realms not mine:
And there, that noblest empire which enfolds
All puny nests of men, to bear whose sceptre
Not JULIUS, nor the Macedonian
Dared to aspire, but easier thought to gain
Sceptres in other worlds—thou hast not given
To me: another bears that tri-pronged bauble,
The emblem of the ocean’s sovereignty.

‘There struts a pompous fleet; its blood-red flags
Flaunting defiance to my snowy ensign.
On yonder cliffs the brazen dragons bark
And blow their insolent flames each morn at me.
And hark! far in the east the swaggering drum
Announces day. Ere this, what haughty race
Dared give a guard of honor to the sun,
And round the world escort his chariot?’

‘The fruit is dust and ashes, lying phantom!
What though thou hast given me this dome
With all its shows: Ah! nobler far than these,
ATTILA’s tent of hides, that more oppressed
The fainting earth than all the rocks of ATLAS!
What though thou hast given this paltry realm,
Which scribes style ‘empire’ in state documents?
Such realms as this the conquerors of old
Gave to their captains as one fight’s reward,
A bullock’s carcase dragged out for the hounds
After the stag was slain for the king’s table.’

To this tirade the stranger replies with unruffled composure, and with the plausible argument in substance that he has fulfilled the covenant on his part, because all the other monarchs being dreadfully and undisguisedly afraid of him, the hero, therefore he was substantially their master, and in possession of the sole dominion,

‘WHICH one of mind so high might condescend
To accept among a race of imbeciles.’

The hero, however, seems chafed by the philosophical and subjective treatment of the matter by his guest, and vows :

'BEFORE me lies my path ; that will I tread
With my drawn sword, although thy treacherous lamp
Throws not a ray before my feet, and though
LUCIFER bestride the way to drive me back.'

The stranger replies with his accustomed sweetness, and taking the hero's arm, they once more join the brilliant assemblage in the saloon. Pigeon here cruelly breaks off in these words :

'I LIKE him not, this logic-chopping guest :
Come, let us leave this gaudy house of revel ;
I can but fear lest this fair-spoken stranger
E'en as he smiles so sweetly by yon princess,
Draw from his pocket some infernal shell
And throw it on the floor with thunder snap,
To fulminate the revellers to atoms
And give again the castle to the air.'

Thus closes this part of Pigeon's production. And now to drop all levity, we beg to assure the editor of the 'Crustacean' that we well understand to whom he refers under the thin disguise of the hero of this poem. And we inquire whether it is according to his notions of taste and decency, to utter at a literary festival a political diatribe against the Hon. Jonas W. Spike, the Governor of this State? It is no secret that Pigeon's faction of the party were both astonished and enraged that Mr. Spike, whom they thought to use as a tool in an inferior station, carried off the highest nomination in convention, was elected, and pitched the Crustaceans out of office within thirty days after his inauguration. This is well understood. We know, too, of what that clique is capable. But it required more venom and audacity than we supposed even Pigeon possessed, to conceive, elaborate, and utter such a malignant attack on the highest officer of the State, as this which we have noticed. However, our space is so limited we can do no more on this occasion than to pay our respects to the author as an author, and not as a politician. We therefore hurry on with our wearisome task. Pigeon opens with a puerile story of another man, who

'HAS had his dealings with the cheating phantoms
Who sell to covetous fools fair realms in cloudland.
Fair realms of cob-web spun o'er hungry gulfs,
That swallow worlds of fools, yet yawn for more.
My friend bought one of these mock-auction kingdoms
And took his title, and assuring covenants
Against all title paramount. But when
The chuckling phantom, with his fresh-caught fool,
Went on to give investment of the manor,
(A hollow lordship sold the hundredth time,)
My friend, with some smart magic which he knew,
Slipt the slight rogue into a long-necked bottle
And corked and wired him in as dexterously
As any juggler famed in black-art classics
E'er bottled upon imp.'

The unlucky little wretch, thus treated like small-beer, is naturally much enraged. He begs, storms, scolds, but finding all of no use, as his captor pays no attention to him, finally comes to terms and proposes to buy his liberty. The captor's terms are soon told, and these are, that the imp shall transform the cloud-land property which he had sold into honest real-estate, terra firma. The outwitted little joker declares the thing impossible, thus :

‘O MAN bereft of reason,’ shrieked the phantom,
 ‘You ask a thing impossible, unheard of :
 That I, a child of air, a smoke, a nothing,
 A wandering whisper, a poor orphan imp,
 Who try in vain to snap this bit of wire,
 Should be by you imagined strong enough
 To build a realm — pile leagues of rock and ice,
 To drag yon river out of his old channel
 Like an unwilling hound pulled from his kennel,
 And fling him down that barren, rocky steep,
 Betrays a mind demented and distort.
 That were a task for all those brawny elves
 Who dwell in mines and caves and mountain clefts,
 And who, obedient to some mighty sorcerer,
 Swing bridges in a night o’er frightful gulfs,
 Or perch a castle on some giddy crag.
 I am not strong like these, my broad-backed cousins :
 Some simple arts I know t’ amuse mankind,
 And by my harmless craft I live and please.
 I weave the mists, or gild the evening sky,
 Or tease the electric serpents from their nests
 Within the bellies of low-hanging clouds ;
 Or, with my lantern, on the midnight heavens
 Throw semblances of armies : or fulfil
 The prophecies of weather-mong’ring seers,
 Just to perplex the gentlemen of science :
 I do beseech thee, most puissant man,
 To name some lighter task which I may do.’

This, however, does not go down. The gentleman tells him that he has no doubt

‘Those same tough goblins
 Who burrow in the caverns of the earth,
 Are wheedled by you Yankees of the air
 Whene’er you wish rough work on earth accomplished :’

and informs imp of his inexorable determination to keep him in close confinement, unless his friends close a contract with the under-ground gentry to perform the required task. Finally the prisoner complies, and the required job is thus performed. Night comes on, and at midnight the moon rose,

‘REVEALED the gleaming rivers and bright lakes,
 And half-filled up the surly glens with light :
 Lo ! there was seen a thing, the like whereof
 Since Rhymer Thomas on the sandy beach
 Watched his rope-making brownies, ne’er was seen.
 A file of little men with picks and barrows
 Walked out o’ the hill-side smoking their short pipes.

Those were the brown and brawny elves of earth.
 Then rose terrific noises in the mountains,
 Of tumbling crags, and forests overthrown,
 Of hill-top sliding into chasms: of rocks
 Rushing in frantic herds adown the slopes:
 Of aged hills, ripped open cruelly
 By blasts, uprising from their seats in woe,
 Then falling, piteous wrecks: and 'mid the uproar
 Ten thousand of the little brown earth SAMSONS
 Swarming like ants among the flying ruins,
 Sometimes by falling acres overwhelmed,
 And sometimes by distracted torrents deluged,
 Loaded their barrows with the mighty fragments
 And hurried off as if with loads of straw.

One night of such work as this finished up the affair, and Pigeon's sharp friend made a very good thing of the operation. The poet now invites the audience to pay a visit to this second man, who caught his castle in the air, thus:

'AND now, O friends! amid these streets of Babel
 The mid-day clamor rises high and harsh,
 The sun pours blistering floods upon the roofs;
 The lofty booths of vanity resound
 With fashion's pleasure-hunting sons and daughters,
 And from the offices where Mammon's slaves
 In sordid bondage do their master's work
 Swells the hoarse buzz that Mammon loves to hear.
 There, in convention met, reforming JOSHUAS
 Blow their distressing ram's horns at the walls
 Of social Jerichos, that bolt upright
 List with composure to the serenade.
 Here Chief Justice RHADAMANTHUS sits,
 While bellowing wranglers show that Righteousness
 Should be non-suited and turned out of court.
 Hark! 'neath the vaulted street the clashing press
 Stamps on ten thousand sheets the day's misdoings:
 For shameless man, could he at evening peep
 In the recording angel's grievous book,
 Would in the morning sell the damning record,
 Delighting all the city's breakfast-tables.
 Yonder, 'mid thundering wheels and hissing pipes
 And fumes and fogs and clouds of Stygian smoke,
 Industry, with grimed face and anxious eye,
 Watches his slaves — blind Calibans of iron,
 Bolted and chained within their master's mills,
 And lashed to endless toil by fiery scourges.
 Industry — ah! how changed from that hale genius
 Who erst with sun-browed arms and ruddy cheek,
 Strode through the harvest-field among his reapers.
 . . . He, too, was bitten by the mad dog Progress;
 Poison of genius in his veins fermented:
 The honest brutes that shared his toil he hated
 Despised his little gains, his narrow fields,
 The simple swains, the flocks and glossy herds,
 He left them all, rushed to the city's streets
 And there reared mills and factories and forges,
 Tore from the earth its ores and anthracite,
 And wrought in metal his distempered fancies.
 Here Trade, with clam'ring tongue and restless arm,
 Drags to the wharves his ships; from crammed warehouses
 Tumbles his treasures, loads his railway-trains,

Hurries his steamships on their world-wide errands,
 Trade — once I knew you with your cart and nag,
 A snail-paced peddler plodding on the highway,
 Content with daily pence and bread and beer :
 But now, with piles of bullion in your vaults,
 Steam for your nag, and for your cart Leviathan,
 This noble city Babylon hath not
 Treasures or dainties to content your soul,
 Though here the rummaged earth yields all its wealth,
 'Come, friends, and let us leave these noisy scenes
 And visit in his haunt that foolish wight
 Who bought a trumpery estate from phantoms.'

Pigeon, having determined upon this, has some trouble after all in getting out of town. We are taken to one gate looking out upon an ugly sort of a highway, which we are told 'was hewn by Death and Sin;' then to another, looking off across a plain on the horizon of which we see

'The tint of Ophir's harvest-fields,
 The gleam of Ophir's yellow-sanded brooks.'

Then to another, 'hung with garlands,' opening into 'mazes of delight and garden paths,' where 'the splash of fountains and the stir of leaves' put one nicely to sleep in the day-time, but where

'At night the paradise will blaze with light:
 The cantatrice will fly her fluttering notes
 Like frightened pigeons darting through a grove;
 While, like a truculent kite, the basso follows,
 Chasing the fugitives through all the scales.'

Various other attractions are offered, and for our part, we would have been glad if our poet had stopped there at least 'ten minutes for refreshments;' and, by-the-by, his own tendency to freeze to a straw in hot weather is so well known that we wonder he ever tore himself away from so nice a place. But he goes on to the next gate. The architecture is of a more frigid character:

'The portly Ciceronian Janitor
 Proclaims, with his grand air *rotundo ore* :
 'These are the comely gardens of the wise:
 Yonder the rank pastures of the foolish ;
 If ye would feast your souls with Wisdom's fruits,
 Pass ye in here.'

'We pray have us excused,
 Most portly pompous friend ; to-day we seek
 A man who ne'er did rate himself so wise
 That while the dog-star raged he might delight
 His soul with dreary feasts of pedantry.'

Our crustaceous poet therefore travels on, and on the other side of the town tells us

'A RIVER issues from a hazy glen,
 A sky-bright, idle flood, in one long curve
 Bending to touch the town, and then in haste
 Wheeling with arrowy tide to seek the hills.

An idle shepherdess that brings her flocks
 Of sparkling waters from the lakes that flash
 Afar in undiscovered wildernesses,
 And leading the bright vagrants down the vale,
 Now loitering among the tree-arched isles
 Where birds each morn sing Nature's temple service,
 Now catching the sweet streams that sport awhile
 Within the rocky hollows of the hills,
 And then come dancing down, with laugh and song,
 Hearing afar their father Ocean's voice
 Calling his little children to their home.'

We cannot spend time and ink to follow the meanderings of this young female, in the words of Pigeon. We can only say in our own words, which are just as good, that after roaming an hundred leagues or so, she hears the distant clamors of the city, and in spite of good advice, issues from the wilderness, passes out of the 'hazy glen' before-mentioned, and strolls cityward:

'LEAVING the shade of forests and wild steeps,
 And walks into the glare of that vast plain.
 Radiant, pure, all trusting she goes forth,
 Moving unto the staring, jewelled city
 That greets with a gross welcome the fair maid,
 And wonders that so sweet a prize is caught
 So easily, by force of fascination.
 But she escapes before it is too late;
 She tastes but once the city's filthy kiss,
 Bestowed by gutters,
 Then wheels in fright and flies like ARETHUSE
 To hide once more among the honest hills.
 Down the first gorge the foaming waters pour,
 Leaping from ledge to ledge between the cliffs,
 Until, descending half a score of fathoms,
 A bowl of granite catches the scared floods;
 A bowl where all the banqueters of Valhall,
 THOR at their head, might plunge in giant sport,
 Running, all stript, a race from ODIN's house
 And leaping in the water from the crags.
 'From this Valhalla bath-room the stilled floods
 Move through a glen, where one might think to see
 DIANA's setters lapping the cool water,
 Their mistress meanwhile resting on the shore,
 Arrayed coquettishly, a modern sportswoman —
 Her jewelled fowling-piece across her lap —
 A crooked horn wrenched from some griffin's snout,
 Carved with grotesque device, her powder-flask;
 And wild birds lying on the grass, her spoil.'

Pigeon soon gets us out of this damp region into a vale which he describes with the assistance of all the agreeable adjectives in the language, and tell us this is the land that his 'crack-brain won from phantoms.' We naturally are anxious to see the castle which this Cæsar, with the impish architects under his thumb, compelled them to build for him. Would it be credited that the ass, instead of ordering such an establishment as Pigeon's Cæsar Number One enjoyed, filled his order for such an affair as this, namely:

'YET see the mansion — yonder apple-bough
 O'ertops the ridge: the urchin's fishing-rod
 Exalts itself above the chimney-top:
 The clambering vine, with mischievous ambition,
 Essays to strangle the red weather-cock
 That watches o'er the gable — the sole sentry
 Upon the fortress walls.
 There is the garrison — one valiant dog,
 Courteous as BAYARD, grave as WASHINGTON,
 Couchant upon the grass, where children part
 His leonine jaws to peep down his black throat.
 There is the army — a chained brace of hounds —
 Dissolute pretorian guards — free-booters,
 Eager to follow any captain's lance
 That leads to plunder in the parks and covers,
 Nor loth, I fear, to plunge their sensual nostrils
 In the slain sheep's hot spouting throat, that *ovicide*
 Which has no nice degrees, and is but *murder*.

The despot of this realm stalks forth straw-hatted,
 A tyrant of stout limb and lordly whisker.
 The cares of empire are to-day but light
 Upon his ample shoulders, for no doubt
 Assassination, revolution, treason,
 Those hideous spectres that environ kings,
 Are buried in deep graves, and pinned with stakes —
 Ne'er to disturb our rural CÆSAR's reign.'

Pigeon introduces two friends of the 'Crack-brain,' one an editor and another a poet. We perfectly understand his covert sneer at the great poet Spread, when he says of the person introduced as the poet:

'I BOUGHT his volume once, and on my fingers
 Measured by rules of metric trigonometry
 The first half page of print, and found it poetry.
 The other pages wore poetic livery —
 Capitals at the head of every line;
 Stanzas with wasp-like waists and frog-like stomachs,
 Sprawling in suicide, with abdomens
 Spitted by Alexandrines long and sharp,
 All in the latest style of lyric agony;
 So I've no doubt I got my money's worth.'

Now, at this point the poem comes to a dead stop — remorselessly ends. Just as Pigeon had got where we supposed the poetry of the poem was going to commence — for up to this point even the literary editor of the 'Crustacean' will not claim there is any thing but chopped prose — our poet had to stop, like the man who took so long a start when about to jump over the wall, that when he got to the wall he had to stop and rest. A few short croaks then closed the day's performance. We give the last two:

'So with one glance o'er that fair vale of Leisure,
 Which just revealed itself unto our eyes;
 One look at shaded streams, and summits azure
 That slumber, breast to breast, with sleeping skies;
 One glance at water-falls, whose mists arise
 O'er tree-tops, and with dainty rainbows grace
 The heads of hale old oaks, we turn with lagging pace.

‘And, as we go, from yonder mossy cave,
Mentor steps forth, arrayed in hermit’s gray;
And reads, with visage sad, in accents grave,
The homily appointed for the day:
‘Thus ever from men’s sight is snatched away
The vale of Leisure, which so fairly sleeps
Beyond the hills of Toil and Conflict’s bastioned steeps.’

We have unintentionally given so much space to extracts from the production itself, that we are compelled to refrain from critical comments. Our readers will give us credit for our moderation when they see what a blessed opportunity we have now got for slowly peeling the skin off Mr. Pigeon, beginning at his toes and ending with scalp and finger-nails. But we will not do it. Owing to our political relations toward him, it might be said we were influenced by sinister considerations; and though we are conscious of entertaining nothing but the most impartial feeling, still, knowing what we *must* say, if we say any thing, we say nothing. The spitefulness, however, with which he assailed the eminent patriot Spike and the great poet Spread may give an inkling of what we may expect when our own poem comes out, if we ever write one.

THE SLEEPING MAIDEN: A FRAGMENT.

’T WAS here at noon, when summer’s ripening light
Paused, like a pallid thinking hour of day,
O’er matted roofing, in whose mimic night—
Mute joy it was—a sleeping maiden lay:
Her tresses from her forehead thrown away,
Her bodice all unjewelled, so the air
With cooling sigh about her form might play—
Paling that blush which sometimes dreams will wear
When first the heart begins its fondness to declare.

Mute joy it was!—her bosom’s gentle strife
Slowly upheaving with a measured beat
Like breathing wave; but not a trace of life
Moved her grouped limbs, which you beheld repeat
Themselves through gauzy robe, yet incomplete
As vision wandering through a cloud of thought.
One arm fell low as were her nestled feet,
The other circling round her brow was brought,
And braceleted with hair that flashed the light it caught.

A DAY AT LONG LAKE.

OUR second morning at Long Lake dawned slowly and mistily, yet the tired travellers were early awakened by the screaming of numberless blue-jays, early and hard at work upon Carey's little corn-patch back of the cabin. The truant hound that had left us yesterday at South Pond had not yet appeared, and Carey anxiously prepared to go in search of him. He spoke of his lost pet and attendant as one might of a missing child, and as soon as breakfast was dispatched, he started off upon a jaunt of sixteen miles through the woods to a clearing to which he declared that the dog had driven the deer.

In a pen near the house was a fawn which Carey had captured a few days before our arrival, a tender, lithe little beauty, in its first coat of yellow, spotted with white. That it had been taken alive was owing to the magnanimity of this same hound. He had driven the mother doe from her covert somewhere by the lake shore, and forced the little one out into the shallow water. The dog would not seize the puny thing, yet kept it captive until his bayings summoned the master.

The deer is a docile, affectionate creature, intelligent, and capable of being perfectly domesticated. At this season the forest is full of these little ones. A month earlier, the timid doe, prompted by the instinct of maternity, retires to the most sheltered nook of the woods, where the hunter's step rarely falls, and the ever-pursuing cry of the hound shall not startle her soft pledges. She selects a position with much foresight, often near a spring or rill fringed with grass, that hunger may not force her far away from her fawns. She now lives a very secluded life, and it is by the rarest fortune that the hunter discovers her. For weeks the life of the poor creature is but a series of alarms; she dares venture forth only for a moment, and only when keen hunger spurs, for the fox, the weasel, and a host of lesser vermin, watch her going forth, to skulk in and destroy her maternal treasures.

Let the reader watch with us at this cover. It is even an old hunter's boast to have witnessed a scene like this. We shall not have to wait her egress long. Hark! she is coming even now. The trailing fir-boughs wave slightly, and part, and the doe trips out, half-proudly and half-timidly. She stops short, and quickly turns her large, facile ears, now forward, now backward, to test the rustling breeze for sources of warning. A long time she stands with one fore-foot slightly lifted, and her large liquid eyes rove into every nook in the glen. She is gaunt, and her coat is dry and rough in spots, for her

motherly cares and alarms have wrought severely upon the gentle creature.

Her long scrutiny it seems is satisfactory, and she trots a few steps away from the cover, but only to halt at a few rods' distance, and turn a fond look back upon the spot that conceals her treasures and her cares. Finally, persuaded that the coast is indeed clear, she starts off down the glen at a quicker, more decided trot, and is out of sight. She has gone to the brook eighty rods away, to crop the wild water grass. One who has seen this, will hardly again draw a trigger upon so motherly a creature.

Now that the doe is away, perhaps we might steal a hasty peep at these loved, torturing treasures of hers. If so, we must be quick and silent about it, for she is likely not to be away long, and the most trifling whim getting into her brain, would send her back any moment. Let us creep to the far side of her retreat, and there wind our way flat on the ground, under the heavy spruce branches. This should be the spot, the centre of the thicket, but where is her bed? You do not see it; a careless eye would not detect it in that stray handful of moss. But our guide tells us to peer more closely, and surely there is the slightest of palpitations under that blanket somewhere; it rises and sinks, as if to the faint breathing of something. Carey lifts the moss blanket, and ah! there they are! two of the tiniest of satin-coated, velvet-spotted nestlings huddled up together. The little hoofs that hardly would cover a ten-cent bit, shine like polished ebony. What a look of guileless wonder is in the large, tame eyes. They do not start or shrink with fear, for they know no enemies. This one raises its head to lick your hand, and rubs its velvet nose against your palm, and appears really to like your caresses. But they shiver; the damp, raw air of this spruce thicket is too chill; and we must hurry away from this sanctified precinct of maternal solicitude; so replace the moss, warm and downy, and we will shy away, leaving no broken twig for a sign.

We have gained our hiding-place not a second too soon, for there is a quick patter of hoofs upon the hard ground, and back ambles the doe, all alert and refreshed. She does not halt now to test the breeze, but disappears instantly behind the dense screen of her cover. We shall see her no more to day, so let us depart, and if hereafter as we cross the stream which is her resort, the staunch hound Rover strike this doe's trail, we will call him off. Let the three have present peace, for full soon their lot will be the lot of the hunted, and sore enough, too.

While Carey is away in search of his missing hound, we will take the trail for South Pond. It is one of those warm, still, cloudy days which are better than days of garish sunshine. The repose of nature

herself, and her curtained sombreness, seduce to idleness and dreaming. It is just the day for the patient angler, for he can muse in comfort upon his narrow thwart the live-long day, careless whether there be 'bites' or not. It does not quite rain; yet we wish it would; the silvery plunging of the great drops upon the glassy surface of the lake would be the most delicious of all monotonies. It may rain yet, for it seems as if the slightest squeezing would force the near, dun clouds to distil their over-weight of drops.

In such a warm, dark day, how sweet it is to stroll in the edge of the low beechen forest, and hear the soft, steady monotony of the rain upon the leaves. Those who have drunk the secrets of such hours, would not exchange those wanderings beneath the umbrella and the rough coat, amid trees dripping perfumes, for the best hour of boisterous hilarity.

South Pond slept in such an atmosphere, but it was a wild, gigantic scene which these influences softened. The pines that darkened the mountain slopes were darker than ever; and the sharp granite pinnacles intercepted the idle breeze as it drifted over, and wrung from its moisture festoons of fleecy mist with which to curtain their scars. The water, to-day a stable mirror, reproduced, numberless fathoms down, the dark and bold shores, other mountains, base to base with the real, and below all, the mighty concave of the sky, so that the spectator almost grew dizzy with looking, and thought himself floating, ambient as a cloud itself, in the centre of a vast hollow sphere. If one spoke, his words trembled over the glassy plane, and the rocks returned them to him polished of all their harshness.

Two loons — most solitary of birds — were the only life astir here to-day. They were diving a little way off, no doubt for the chopped bait we had thrown in the day before.

The lake abounds with the heavy salmon trout, and doubtless we might have great sport, did we prefer to anchor the skiff here and throw out our lines in the deep water; but we will float on into the inlet, where Carey caught those splendid spotted fellows yesterday.

The party reached the stream, and paddling against the gentle current, and over the trailing water-grass a half-mile, they reached an old barken camp which stood on the stream-side. The water at this spot was deep and black, though sluggish, and promised good fishing. At this spot yesterday Carey set ashore his companion, with many cautions 'to be shy,' and to cast his 'fly' deftly, for the 'hole was alive with them.' He himself, he declared, would push on and explore a little further, and soon return. A long hour did the beguiled tyro whip the pool, until it was plain that never a fish was there. Carey returned after a couple of hours, and was profuse in wonderments that his friend had met no better success.

To-day the party pushed on, determined to explore the stream to its source.. Only forty rods above they reached a wide, dark pool, or eddy, at the foot of which the boat was stopped, for the stream fell into the eddy over a broad shelf of rock, upon which the water was no more than two inches in depth.

The cauldron was circular in shape, and about ten feet deep. It was girded with shelving rocks, overhung with tangled alder bushes, so that there was no foothold on shore. The outlet of the basin was shallow and narrow. Not a novice in the noble art of angling but would have said, that were there trout in this stream, they were every one here. The day was gloomy, and this place was so shaded by the giant pines and spruces that intertwined their limbs overhead, that it seemed here like evening. The slowly gyrating waters of the pool were of inky hue, and they lazily bore around in endless circles great snowy flecks of foam.

The anglers paused awhile in very admiration, for they had never before seen the secret retreat ; the water fortress of the shy and beautiful trout. Under these shelving rocks, into whose miniature caverns the flood slowly sucked itself, to regurgitate with faint swirling murmurs, trout were lurking, eager for bait. Now we could not blame Carey for wishing to visit this spot alone ; and almost justified the simple craft by which he secured all its spoils yesterday.

The skiff was cautiously pushed over the little sand-bar, into the lower edge of the eddy, and made fast to an overhanging alder-bush. The rods were spliced, and in the cloaking gloom which suffered no shadow to startle the sharp-eyed tenants of the pool, a decoying 'fly' was dropped lightly as a snow-flake upon the farther side of the cauldron. The whirl bore along the counterfeit, but not many yards, for there was a quick boiling of the water, a shower of spray, a bright flash upward from the black water, and then down sprang the tip of the rod to the very surface. Two or three mad surges the victim made across the basin, then was quietly reeled in. He was quickly followed by a second, and a third, and for twenty minutes the whole party had busy work. Then the sport abruptly ceased, and though there were doubtless a hundred trout in the pool, yet not another could be coaxed to rise. Nothing could be lost, then, by casting off and floating down the stream, for after a trout has caught one glimpse of the angler, it is lost time to try to allure him. He will coyly rise, nose the bait, balance an instant on his trembling fins, driving the angler to despair, then with a dart he is out of sight.

The party could not forsake this romantic spot without cherishing a vague hope of some time troubling its dark waters again. They held their course down the lake, across which the mists were creeping from the mountains, and reached the landing at dusk ; then

shouldering their well-filled basket, they hastily trod two miles of crooked, muddy and rocky path, to Carey's cabin. He welcomed them at the threshold, wet and weary from his arduous day's journey. But the old hound was found; Carey's surmise had proved correct; the dog had driven our deer to the 'Irish clearing' sixteen miles over the mountains; the 'friendly sons of St. Patrick' shot the quarry, and not content with that windfall, at once sent the hound off on a second race, so that when his master came to the rescue, the poor dog was too exhausted and stiff to move.

N E X T M A Y .

WHERE is she who used to trip
 . Past my window, through the grass;
Saying oft, with pouting lip,
 'Wont you kiss me as I pass?'

I have seen her smiling face,
 In the sunshine — in the rain;
Often seen her stop and trace
 Letters on the window-pane.

I have idolized her name,
 In a hundred little rhymes,
And have checked the blush that came
 To my cheek — ah! many times.

She was very proud, I own,
 And could look disdainful, too;
But her pleasant talk alone
 Would the former faith renew.

She will come no more to me,
 So at least her kindred say,
For she is a BRIDE to be
 In the blushing month of May.

Many at the altar stand,
 With a false vow on their lips:
Thus will *she* bestow her hand,
 While her heart is in eclipse.

THE CHAMBER OF ART: BERLIN.

BARON TRENCK AND THE PRINCESS.

I HAD been wandering for hours in the midst of the rare and antique things that Prussian pride and curiosity has collected in the Kunst Kammer, or Chamber of Art, in the attic story of the old Schloss at Berlin. Feathered cloaks from the Sandwich Islands, Australian necklaces of human teeth, tattooed heads of New-Zealand savages, were there most strangely mingled with curious relics, illustrative of names and deeds in Prussian history. The earlier records of the Wendish tribes who first laid the foundations of the Prussian State, are here. Memorials of the Great Elector, who, after the prostration of Germany's energies through the horrors of the 'Thirty Years' War, succeeded in vindicating the honor of the Teutonic name, and resisting the encroachments of France, may be seen scattered all around. Old Ziethen's hussar-dress, battle-stained, and with the dented helmet, still ornamented with that wing from the black eagle, that had been the oriflamme to the Prussians at Prague, occupies a conspicuous position in the main hall. There, too, upon a raised platform, was to be seen the wax figure of 'der alte Fritz,' clothed in the very suit he had on when seized with the agonies of death. It consists of a dirty blue coat, faced with red, a yellow waistcoat, and breeches snuff-stained and begrimed with dirt. Near this may be seen the ghastly cast taken from the old monarch's face after death, most strikingly in contrast with the angelic face in wax, taken of Queen Louisa, whose rare, almost supernatural, beauty death even could not mar. And there may be seen a curious collection of pipes, sole relics of the singular gathering that nightly met beneath the roof of the palace, the Tabagie or smoking-parliament of Frederick William, Frederick the Great's insane old father. These are pipes which to look at, no rational smoker could think that he would enjoy. One, as he gazes at them, could easily conjure up the reality of that scene, of which the numerous engravings in Berlin are but the representations. There is heavy visaged Grumkow, old Dessauer, Seckendorf, old Flans, rugged Dutch specimen as Carlyle calls him, capable of rough slashes of sarcasm when he opens his old beard for a speech; and Ginkel, the Dutch ambassador, and talkative Polnitz, and kings and high princes on their royal visits; all of whom were permitted to sit beneath that cloudy canopy that night after night hung above the heads of the Tobacco that nightly met for high debate, stormy controversy and drunken revelry. And here, too, is Gundling's pipe, poor court-fool, who wrinkled the Tabagie so often into a grim radiance of banter and silent grins, and

who, without much wit himself, seems to have been the irrepressible cause of wit in others—‘chaotic blockheadism,’ as Carlyle calls him, ‘with the consciousness of being wisdom as was wondrous to behold, a mine of native darkness and human stupidity, capable of being made to phosphoresce and effervesce.’

It was while I was gazing at and speculating one morning over these historical treasures so dear to the heart of every Prussian, that I stumbled accidentally upon a curiously-carved cup, which my catalogue informed me was the drinking-cup of Baron Trenck during his long confinement—the carvings done by his own hand. There it stood, with etchings of rare beauty upon its surface; lines painfully traced day by day through the long and weary hours of that painful confinement, and its edge actually worn by constant contact with the parched lips of that poor captive, whose tale of patient endurance, resolute energy, and wonderful escapes, had been the wonder of my childhood. In a moment the whole story of his eventful life was before me.

The loves of Amelia, the sister of Frederick the Great, and Baron Trenck, were of so romantic a nature, that it was almost impossible that they should not be recalled in all their vividness, standing there in the very palace that had been the scene of their constant intercourse and unfortunate loves. The unfortunate Trenck appears to have been another example of the vanity of human wishes:

‘For TRENCK could tell what ills from beauty sprang.’

While a handsome young officer, he attracted the regards and won the affections of Frederick’s youngest and favorite sister, the Princess Amelia, who was not so much distinguished for her beauty as for her exalted rank. Alas! she was also a philosopher, like her royal brother. Her affections, therefore, had their full play in the absence of all religious restraint. But Shakspeare has said that love’s true course never did run smooth, and this case appears to have been no exception to the rule. The great Frederick decidedly objected to his sister becoming Mrs. Trenck. He at the same time wished to avoid all scandal: and to combine these objects, no time was to be lost. He therefore gave Trenck, who was his own aide-de-camp, strong hints to mind and mend his conduct. His hints were thrown away. Who that has been young himself can wonder at the handsome young lieutenant’s blindness and obstinacy? It is not every day that a beautiful, witty, and accomplished princess sacrifices every thing for the love of a simple gentleman. And was the favored object to risk nothing in return? The supposed secret interviews continued: but were, in fact, no secret to the penetrating eye of an all-powerful King. Arrests for pretended military crimes were the next measures adopted to warn

the lover and protect the lady in spite of herself. But Trenck was no sooner freed from these restraints than he again flew for consolation to the arms of his illustrious mistress. A longer incarceration was next decreed. From this, however, Trenck made his escape, and fled to a town beyond the Prussian dominions. There, in his indignation against what he styled Frederick's tyranny, he soon forgot what he owed to one who had sacrificed for him every thing that the world holds dear. In his blind anger he irreparably injured his royal mistress. He

‘ROBBED *her* of that which not enriched him,
And left *her* poor indeed.’

He had the audacity to display, at a large dinner-party, the portrait of the Princess Amelia. Frederick could therefore no longer pretend ignorance of her conduct, nor endeavor to provide her with a suitable husband. Nothing but vengeance remained; and for this the continued imprudence of Trenck soon furnished the monarch with an opportunity which he did not neglect. He was suddenly seized and hurried off to the dungeons of one of the fortresses, where he suffered that long incarceration whose dreadful story he has himself told so pathetically, and which is so familiar to the world. This was the real cause of the royal anger against Baron Trenck, and of his severe punishment. After Trenck's escape, he drifted about the world, and was at last caught in the maelstrom of the French revolution, and met his death, with so many illustrious victims, by the guillotine.

THE SHEPHERD'S SABBATH-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

‘THIS is God's holy day!
Now, one last matin bell I hear:
Now, all is silent, far and near,
As in the fields I stray.

In prayer I bend the knee:
Sweet dread! mysterious whispering sound!
As if unseen ones all around,
Were worshipping with me.

The skies their glories ray;
The stainless heavens, far and near,
Seem opening to my vision clear:
This is God's holy day!’

R E M E M B R A N C E S .

X.

A DISCOVERY.—CONSUMPTION.—OLD SILVER.

TURNING over some papers in an old writing-desk the other evening, I came upon a time-worn envelope, almost yellow with age. Blowing the dust off, I found written on the back, in a strong old-fashioned hand: 'Brainard, my husband's friend. These lines written on my wedding day.' Then just underneath, in the clear, delicate hand of my well-remembered: 'Keep these verses: Brainard gave me my first silver spoon.'

Poor Brainard! you too fed on your own thoughts, and went into communion with 'thick-coming fancies:' you too died young: you too added a unit to the countless millions claimed by that slow, certain, but deceitful scourge which is wafted along by every wind that blows: you too, looking out of your window must have longed for the going of the snow, for the song of the birds, for the changing grass, for the April shower, and the rosy month of June: you too, like those to whom you sent your offering of verse, and little gift of silver, must have had the neglected cough; the feeling of weariness in going upstairs; the shortness of breath; the thin hand, growing more and more transparent; the glassy eye, and the cheek with the crimson flush; all these bore witness to you, (as they did afterward to them,) that God's fiercest destroying angel had you in his grasp.

Does any one doubt that consumption is God's most active destroying angel? if he is a matter-of-fact man, let him read the weekly return of deaths in Monday's 'Times.' If like me he is some poor dreamer in the country, let him count up the victims from those of his own household. Let him remember how the wife-mother died, and then looking round on her little *living* likeness, let him 'commune with his own spirit and be still;' and the voice will tell him (what he has always longed to know) why his eldest girl, in going out of doors, must always wear a shawl and over-shoes, and why, when threatening rain-clouds hang around, she rushes in, and with her arms on the window-sill, and her breath dimming the glass, (which she wipes off with her finger-ends,) she holds her dreamy watch of stronger girls playing on the lawn; stronger girls with laughing eyes and redder cheeks; yes, stronger girls, who never will come in, till God's spring rain-drops patter down upon their necks.

Turning to my little girl with her face against the window-pane, what shall I say to her? Is there no figure on the tapestry carpet

that will please her? Are there no new daguerreotypes on grandmother's table in the corner? Is there no new story-book? no new Easter song? Ah! no; she has seen and knows them all; all things within-doors are old acquaintances of hers. Her spring-time love is all for God's green grass, and the red buds of the maple tree. . . . Shall the little girl live till the roses come in June? . . . The rain-drops haven't fallen yet, and she and I are alone together: she, wondering why she came in so soon; I, writing these Remembrances.

This is Easter-day. The flowers in the church have reminded me how, breaking through the bands of frost and snow, they come once more, sure witnesses to the rolling away of the stone; to the breaking of the seal of Pilate; to the 'linen clothes lying;' to the 'napkin wrapped together in a place by itself,' and to the utter emptiness of the sepulchre.

Do those who have 'gone before,' ever come back again at Easter-time? because just now, as I laid down my pen, some one put a thin white hand upon my shoulder, and it came stealing and creeping along, till the white arm circled about my neck, and the brown ringlets touched my cheek. Then just as I felt the breath, and was longing for the kiss, the vision (forgetting its mission) started back, and pointing over to the little figure at the window, said: 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

I tried to say the little word 'when,' but the vision seemed to be trying to get out of the room. I thought it floated away, saying, 'By-and-by, by-and-by,' though this may have only been the noise made by the rustling of its wings.

The rain-drops are coming now, and the other stronger girls are running into the house.

Is there any doubt left yet about consumption being God's fiercest angel? If there is, I do n't know how to satisfy it. Suppose some warm day, about noon-time, leaving your spade in the ground, you go over and lean on the fence, and beckoning to your neighbor, (who, like you, wants a resting-time,) ask him what has become of his fair-haired girl, the one that used to run over into your orchard and gather daisies in May, and frolic in the meadow while the grass was cutting. Just tell him that you remember going over to his home one evening last winter, and seeing her sitting in the cushioned rocking-chair by the fire. Placing your arms between the pickets, just say, 'Neighbor, what did she die of?' Then there will be a little pause—for a moment—then the answer will come: 'Well, now, the doctors called it consumption.' My friend, it *was* consumption. Go back again to your work.

Some people think consumption is an interesting disease; it is so *very interesting*, one fades so gradually, one has so much time to prepare his mind, and then he floats away so quietly over the dark river, that you and I, standing together on this side, know nothing of the passing.

Reader, in crossing that river, sunlight never plays with the drippings of oar-blades. The river is black and dark and deep; but the oar are never muffled. You must not even dream that they are: you can hear every stroke thumping against the thole-pins. . . . The writer of these little 'Remembrances' is no physician, but often and often, while the ferryman was waiting, he has heard that great wishing, longing cry come crushing up through the last agonies: 'Give me air; open the window.' And all this in the midst of winter.

Well, now we open the envelope: you will remember the verses, but you must let me transcribe them, because of the place where I found them, and of the hand-writing I have told you of:

'I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blessed,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

'Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea where storms shall cease —
A purer sky where all is peace.'

As published in Brainard's poems, there is an intervening verse, but the above is all I found in the envelope. Then, as was natural, I thought of the 'little gift of silver,' and went and took the spoon out of its hiding-place and looked at it. It is very dull-looking; this may be owing to its not having been cleaned in a good many years; but it's got the standard-mark stamped on its back, and there's nothing put into the handle to make it look solid and weigh heavy: a good judge of silver-ware will always give as much for it (if not more) than he will for Mexican dollars.

It is quite astonishing how cheap you can buy silver-ware now-a-days. I never realized it until the other morning, when my good house-keeper said: 'What on earth is the use of those old broken spoons in the drawer up-stairs? why don't you sell them, and get a new set?'

'A new set?' said I.

'Why, bless you, yes, you can get a whole new set for the old ones.'

‘You do n’t say so ; well, I will sleep on it.’ And I did sleep on it, and the next morning took an old piece of newspaper and wrapped up the broken spoons, together with three or four that had the marks of children’s teeth in them, took them down to our village watch-maker, and made a trade. I got ten beautiful looking spoons, with beaded handles (came near getting a dozen) all nicely wrapped up in blue tissue paper. Went home to dinner, gave them to the house-keeper. The next I saw of them was on the tea-table. The handles were short, and they seemed to me, as I balanced them, to be rather light. I was just going to say something when the house-keeper (who always comes in at the wrong time) says : ‘What did I tell you ? now those spoons are something fit for a tea-drinking ; only look how they shine.’

Well, to tell the truth, the new spoons do shine ; but if ever we have a sale of silver-ware, do n’t you buy those spoons — that’s all. It’s the last trade of old silver I shall ever make ; and if I did not know for a certainty that ere this every thing is melted down, I would at least make an effort to get back those with the marks of the children’s teeth on them. . . . I have just read over the last part of this to my eldest little girl — the one that has to come into the house. What do you think she says ?

‘Why, papa, perhaps they were not marks of children’s teeth. I have often known grandmother, after washing up the breakfast-things, forget to take a spoon out of the tub, and so it gets into the pail by the back-door, and Richard finds it up in the trough behind the barn.’

‘Well, really now I never thought of that ; but who ever heard of pigs eating silver spoons ?’

‘No ; but, papa, they may have made the marks in them.’

‘It can’t be possible, my daughter. Those spoons were bought when your grandmother was a little girl ; and she has often told me that whenever she was cross or fretful, her nurse used to give her a silver spoon to play with. Why, those were days when all little boys and girls were ‘born with a silver spoon in their mouth.’ They did n’t have any gutta-percha dolls in those days. They always quieted children with a silver spoon.’

‘Well now, papa, that may all be true, but, as you say, it *was* before my time. I am very certain nobody ever quieted me with a silver spoon.’

XL

SOMETHING ABOUT A DOG.

MORE than a week ago I promised to tell the children something about the death of the dog, but you remember Kate came in and interrupted me. Now I will just run down-stairs and see where they

are, and what they are doing. . . . I found them perched up on the old-fashioned sofa; one was holding with both her hands a great big map, while the other was reading questions out of a book; and their good aunt (like herself) was sitting in between, holding the candle; so I settled myself down in the rocking-chair with the most perfect assurance that among the three a correct answer would be arrived at, and that one or the other of the girls would stand a fair chance of 'going up head' in the morning. While they are conning over their lesson, I rock backward and forward in the chair, wondering why the other evening I did n't make Kate wait till I had told them something about the dog. . . .

That dog was a part and parcel of our household; he always came when I called him, and always did as I told him. He was the same one I used to meet, all wet and dragly, sitting on the platform at the station-house. Whenever that dog was wet and dirty, I always found the children and — at the station: he had been jumping off the dock and bringing in pieces of chip; he had been tossed up and down by steam-boat waves, and then had come up on the beach and rolled all over in the sand: perhaps he thought he was cleaning himself, but he was very much mistaken. After leaving T — we used to go into the baggage-car to look after our baskets; as we neared our station I would lean out of the sliding-door to see if the dog was waiting: if he was, and looked very clean — which was sometimes the case — then I knew I must wait for my welcome; so patting him on the head and giving him the basket to carry, we would take the 'short cut' up the bank, and coming in by the back-door, find the tea-table all set, and the two children waiting for us. Then little hands again patted the dog on the head because he had brought up the basket, and little pouting lips kissed papa, because he had come up safe in 'the railroad train.' . . . Then hearing my voice, there came running down the stairs, all bright in her joyousness — no matter — that meeting, after coming up from among the noise of carts, is not even for these 'Remembrances.'

The dog I have been talking about is the same one the children threw the sticks to in the river. He is the same one that refused to go into the house with the angel: he is the same one I told you we had to take away from her door: the same one that went up to the cemetery with me, and after smelling all round the earth-mound, lay down on it, and when I wanted to lock the gate, would not come away until I went in and tied my handkerchief round the brass collar on his neck.

That dog is dead!

There 's nothing left of him, unless it 's the brass collar hanging up

over my looking-glass. I have now got two other dogs: that brass collar fits one of them exactly, but he can't have it — it's a part and parcel of these 'remembrances.' The first time I ever saw this dog, he was lying by a doctor's gig in Thirteenth-street. I wanted to see the doctor, but the dog did n't seem to think it was necessary; after a while we settled matters, and went into the doctor's office together. Just as I was about leaving, the doctor says to me: 'By-the-by, do you see that dog?'

I told him yes, I saw the dog.

Said he: 'Do you know what's the matter with that dog?'

'Well, no,' I said, 'I don't.'

'My Christian friend,' said the doctor, 'that dog wants country air.'

So it happened the dog and I went up together in the five o'clock train. The doctor never asked me for him afterward, so we claimed him by right of possession.

If the doctor had kept that dog, he never would have known what he died of.

Doctor, that dog died of grief. You may believe it or disbelieve it as you choose. I know it. He was continually going away from home; I knew just where to go to find him, but I did n't go there. There were two rooms in the house that he never would go into: the one was the room off the hall, where they put the coffin and the flowers; and the other was the room up-stairs, looking over toward the Palisades.

Remember, she who loved the dog died in the winter-time. . . . One morning, coming down to the breakfast-room, and looking out on the snow that had fallen in the night, I saw the dog quietly lying among the straw-covered roses. I knew how much he liked the cold and snow, and thought how happy he must be; so I eat my breakfast, and passing out, stopped to pat him, as I always did on my way to the cars. He was dead! I waited for the next train. Did I do wrong to bury him decently? The little girls and I know just where the grave is; they know whom the brass collar belongs to that hangs up over my looking-glass. Only a day or two ago, when I had finished reading to them in my room, the youngest one took her thumb out of her mouth and said, pointing up: 'Papa, did n't you once say that that collar would just fit the 'Colonel?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Well he must not have it; it's Watch's collar.'

The children had to learn some other lesson after they had finished their geography; and so, instead of telling this story to them, I find I have been telling it to you.

LINES: 'THE GREAT CREATOR, GOD.'

I LIVED with Nature alone one day,
And sought to discern the sound
That murmured up from the growing shrub
And leafy tongues around ;
The field-bell opened her yellow hood,
To let me look in her eye,
And the daffodils lifted their heads to bow,
Whenever I sauntered by ;
The faintest noise, of a sighing breath,
From the heart of the rose came up,
And I bent my ear to the musical hum
In the blue-bell's drooping cup ;
I gave my cheek to their cool caress,
And they stooped so near the sod,
That I knew by the daisy's tearful eye,
They whispered together of God.

I walked in the woodland's solemn shade,
Where gums and dew-drops drip ;
Where mosses embrace the dead old trees,
And kiss with a clinging lip ;
The brave old oak — the monarch oak,
Swung forward his giant arm,
While the infant trees, at his gesture wide,
Waved shivering with alarm :
They knew, perhaps, that a mighty theme
Their forest-king had stirred,
And stiff and solemn the hemlocks stood,
As if they, too, had heard ;
The tasselled pine, with a trembling moan,
Reeled forward and back in the air,
And threw her quivering fingers up
To the sky, as if in prayer :
Then my quick ear oped to the strange refrain,
Around the path I trod,
And I caught a note ere it closed again ;
And the word I heard was ' God.'

I tarried for rest in a valley green,
Where fluttered the wayward gale ;
And out from the dark green thicket's shade,
Came down the wind-god's wail ;
The breeze died sobbing upon my brow,
Then started to life again,
And hurried away to the shrieking hills,
To groan with a secret pain :

It shouted hoarse to the mountains old,
And the mountains answered back ;
But the song grew sweetly low and mild,
As it neared the valley's track :
Then it came like an angel's breath to me,
And fainting down to the sod,
It sighed a hymn on the clover's neck,
But all that I heard was — ' God.'

I walked by the sea, the tinted sea,
Where the ships go floating by ;
The calm old Ocean lay on his back,
To smile in the face of the sky.
But a sound came up from the caves low down,
And he trembled all over with joy,
And shook and danced, that old gray Sea,
As though he were only a boy :
He hurried past the beautiful isles,
And tossed like a bubble the ships,
In his haste to kiss the virgin beach
With his blue and foaming lips :
Then the Storm arose, and with blackened wings,
Sat brooding over the main ;
Till the wakened Sea, the monster Sea,
I could hear him wild complain :
Then they joined in one, the dark-winged Storm,
And the Sea with terrible roar,
And the white-haired waves, grown gray in an hour,
Fell swooning back to the shore.
But the cloudy monarch was blanched with dread,
And quailed at the Ocean's frown ;
So slowly lifting his wide wings up,
With tear-drops glittering down,
He floated away, with a sweet, sad voice,
To his mistress in the west ;
While Ocean lay, with a murmur, down
On his jewelled floor to rest :
Then a still small voice from the coral hall,
Where the sea-nymphs' feet had trod,
Trembled up through the dimpling, purple wave,
And chanted to me of God !

I watched the Night in her dark gray barge,
When the world was fast asleep,
Sail proudly up from the lonely east,
Across heaven's glittering deep.
The Moon was pushing the clouds aside
From her beautiful, brilliant way,
And the stars were blinking and shining out,
As though for a mere display :

But the queenly Night, the saintly Night,
With her gracious, majestic brow,
The stars were forming a magical word
On the front of her gloomy prow:
But distant and far as that gray barge was
From my seat on the mossy sod,
I could dimly trace the characters there,
And the word that I spelled was, 'God.'

The pass-word of all created things,
Was this I had seen and read;
From the tiniest blossom on earth's green vest,
To the throbbing stars o'erhead:
Then I closed my eyes to the world without,
And silently gazed within,
To the heart's dim cells, where the lamp of love
Burned low in a fog of sin:
Then I bent me down in a grieved surprise,
Till my forehead touched the sod;
For the harpers were few in the human heart
That chanted to me of God.

THE RECTOR OF ABERNETHNEY.

I SHALL never forget the time upon which my eyes first fell upon Abernethney Hall. The stage had put me down by a nook in the highway. I felt weary and excited, and seated myself upon the trunks which the driver had but a moment before unstrapped from the boot. But the weariness all left me, and the excitement changed to a quiet calmness as I gazed on the scene before me.

Some fifty yards to my right, embowered amid its little world of trees, stood the manse. It was a beautiful building: there was no definiteness about the style of architecture; it simply seemed to be the creation of an exquisite taste. There was nothing about it suggestive of fortification and defence, like those of the Tudor or Elizabethan styles; it was neither of the open Italian order, nor yet of the modern pointed gothic. It was a sort of compromise between the latter, probably what might be called the Anglo-Italian, and a manse peculiarly adapted to the artificial landscape gardening in the front, and the naturalness of the dusky woods and the frowning hills in the back-ground. There was no accumulation of buttresses and gables and turrets, and such other conceits that lower the dignity of a house:

true there were terraces, but they were ornamental accompaniments; they imparted an imposing breadth to the whole group of buildings.

The approach to the house was through a broad, extensive avenue, lined on either side with a variety of trees planted with the most delicate attention to effect. I detected the silvery green of the white poplar mingling with the dark green of the native oak, blended here and there with the abnormal tints of the sycamore and the purple beech. The gardens glowed with the same inspiration of beauty and taste. From where I stood, my eye could not criticise their regularity; but I saw the outlined hedges of blossoming hawthorn, the flower-beds encircled with their ribbons of box-wood, and the gay petunia flaunting beside the humble violet and the bee-haunted thyme.

I felt that the spirit which presided over that exquisite blending of nature and art was thoroughly an artist, not simply of the appreciative, but of the creative school. He was more of an artist than the painter on canvas. The latter commences with a *tabula rasa*; his pencil is subject to his will; he puts down a rock here and a brooklet there, and works in his buildings and trees as taste may suggest, or the laws of perspective demand: then he can remove with the same facility with which he creates. The landscape gardener must accept localities as he finds them; he must conceal deformities and create beauties; the greater and more numerous the difficulties he has to surmount, the more superior to the landscape-painter is his taste and genius.

Beware of the man, says some one, who loves neither flowers nor children. There is not simply a speciousness about that remark; it is the embodiment of truth; we are conscious of the weight and importance of the caution, no matter how limited our experience. As I gazed upon the scene before me, I felt convinced that the proprietor of Abernethy Hall loved both flowers and children; that he was a gentleman of refined sensibilities, a Christian and a scholar. I had come to act as governess to his children; I had misgivings in reference to my new home; my conjectures of harshness and a want of appreciation at times, made me almost shrink away from duty. But I was satisfied, and wholly at ease, as I sat there upon the baggage which made up the sum of my earthly possessions.

And yet there was much of regret connected with it; not on account of myself, but on account of another. We read that William Morton, Kane's friend and companion, stood alone when he gazed upon the unfrozen Polar Sea surging and rolling beneath him. The soul of De Soto, when he first beheld the Mississippi was not touched with half the grandeur and sublimity. The dream of philosophy was a reality; the inductions of science a truth; the open Polar Sea was found!

The chilling grandeur of the snow, the palaces of ice, ideal Alhambras glittering like a thousand stars; the gigantic stair-ways of pearl, surmounted by the brilliant arch of the aurora — but above all, the oppressiveness of that hour of solitude and silence — stirred his soul with a thousand kindling emotions. But he stood there alone; he had no friend to realize with him that half-awakening dream of magnificence; to whom he could relieve his surcharged heart by speech; to whom he could point out this or that object of attraction. The oppressiveness of his loneliness was like a despair; it was the struggle of longing and regret; he would even have grasped irreverently at the ghostly hand of Sir John Franklin, had he come out from his icy tomb to stand beside him there.

It was something of this regret that I felt in my soul. My mind went back to the close, crowded city, with its sea of heated roofs, noisy factories, dusty streets, and interminable walls of masonry. I thought of my sister Alice, with her dark spiritual eyes, brighter than the hectic flush upon her cheeks. Poor invalid child! How I wished that she was standing beside me, feeling the same cool breeze fanning her brow, and gazing upon the same changing vistas of scenery; standing beside me so that I could *talk* to her! But she was not there, and the tears came into my eyes as I thought about it; the silver abele grew indistinct, and there was a shadowiness about the blossoming lilacs.

I was soon started out of my reverie; I heard voices in the avenue, and in a moment afterward Mr. Ashley reached out his hand to me in his kind way, while the servants shouldered my trunks.

I read my employer at a glance; there was not much individuality necessary to do that. His temperament was sanguine, with enough of the phlegmatic to give him calmness and dignity. He was still a young man, well formed, and with that intellectual expression upon his face which comes to men who read and think much. His lips and eyes betrayed his genial nature; they would have given their impressions of geniality to a very child.

He chatted gayly as we walked toward the house; he did so partly to relieve me from embarrassment, and partly because it was his nature; perhaps he noticed, too, that I had been weeping. I already felt as if I had known him for years. There was no atmosphere of mock-aristocracy about him, repellent because so self-evidently put on.

‘Carrie,’ said Mr. Ashley, ere we reached the hall-door, ‘this is your new teacher.’

As he spoke, there came from behind a cluster of China lilacs a beautiful child of ten summers. She had an abundance of dark hair, with eyes from the brilliancy of which nothing could detract but their

shyness, while her figure was the very personification of grace. She sprang forward and caught my hand.

‘Oh! I shall like you very much,’ she cried.

My heart throbbed wildly as I stooped down and kissed her white forehead.

‘I am glad to hear you say that,’ I replied.

‘Carrie is both warm and impulsive in her friendships,’ said Mr. Ashley. There was a calm, steady look in his gray eyes.

‘I thought you were a great, lank woman, with such eyes as make one shudder, and with a mole on your nose,’ continued the child.

I laughed at that, and patted her on the cheek. Mr. Ashley led the way into the sitting-room. Carrie still clung to me.

‘What is your name?’ she asked.

‘Jenny Gray.’

‘So! I like that. You won’t make me call you *Miss* Gray, will you? But I must n’t ask so many questions; only I want you to see Fred.’

She left the room, returning in a minute or two with her brother. I was soon upon social terms with him. He closely resembled his father — had the same light, curling hair, calm gray eyes, and expressive lips. He was not so talkative as Carrie; he was more thoughtful and reserved, more observing and less impulsive.

I was in due time thoroughly installed in my new home. I had much to bless my HEAVENLY FATHER for; my lines were cast in pleasant places. The summer went by, and the winter, in the same quiet, steady, happy way. But I do not intend to speak about my duties at Abernethney Hall, my tutorship of those lovely children, and how in beautifying their lives, my own grew beautiful. It is with the new awakening, the new *El Dorado* of my companionship, my intimacy with the Rector, that I have to do.

He was standing at one of the windows on the morning that Mr. Ashley introduced me to him. He turned round, nodded gravely, and then gazed out of the window as abstractedly as before. I was not piqued at that; I am not proud, and (so my friends tell me) put too low an estimate upon myself. Though his survey of me was not a leisurely one, I knew that he had already divined as much of my life and character as a less penetrating man would have learned in a week. It took me that long to engage him even in the most incidental conversation.

He was a sedate, even-tempered man; he was often given to fits of absent-mindedness, and from this I learned that there was some great sorrow in his soul. It was only in the pulpit that he proved himself more than an ordinary man. He was an analytical reasoner, subject to bursts of the most captivating eloquence, and strong in the yearn-

ing for the salvation of his fellow-men. The light seemed to go out of his eyes, and the spiritual glory out of his face, so soon as he descended from the pulpit. Few stepped into the aisles to grasp him by the hand; they simply bowed their heads, with the memory of the recently spoken words of truthfulness in their souls, and a sort of sympathy for the secret sorrowfulness which raised him above the plane of their companionship.

But there came a time when he took a deeper interest in me; when his eyes would neglect his book to follow me around the room; when he would meet me with a nosegay, or ask me to stroll with him through the gardens. I found him a more agreeable companion than I had supposed him to be; he would come out of that half-dreamy lethargy in which he seemed to sit, and converse as if he thought and felt like other men. I must say that he even became communicative; he spoke less reservedly and less spasmodically. At first I conversed and he listened; but by degrees, and unconsciously, as it were, our positions became reversed. Then it was that I stood upon the confines of the new El Dorado in the world of thought. It was something grand to sit at his feet, a quiet impressible pupil.

I must say it sooner or later, and so I will say it now: I loved him! Yes, warmly, fervently, passionately. I did not know whether my love was reciprocated, neither did I care. The knowledge of the deep love in my own heart was enough for me to dwell upon at any one time. To be sure, his eyes at times warmed up with a beautiful light, and he would exhibit the most earnest solicitude for a temporary ache or illness; but beyond this I observed nothing. He did not speak of love; what I had noticed might have been merely occasioned by his strong friendship for me.

I was one day reading Goethe's '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*,' (Poetry and Truth.) Mr. Jackson observed the work in my hands.

'Is Goethe a favorite of yours?' he asked.

'Very much so,' I replied.

'His works have never been faithfully translated, and least of all, the one you are now reading. It is not even second-handed; it is what Mrs. Austin called 'a bad translation of a very bad French translation.' Two elements enter into every translation; the author and the translator. Thus, Hoole's '*Ariosto*' is nearer to Hoole than to Ariosto. So in Pope's '*Homer*;' the Greek is nothing, the Englishman every thing. Translations have been called pressed flowers: if you want to enjoy Goethe in all his freshness and fragrance, you must go to the original. In no other way will you be able thoroughly to appreciate him.'

'Do you understand German, Mr. Jackson?' I asked.

‘I have been told that I am a perfect master of the language. I have Goethe’s works in my library. You must study German.’

Well, I mastered German; the study was a pleasure and a recreation: I caught the inspiration from the very lips, as it were, of Goethe and Heine and Schiller. I learned, too, the truthfulness of Coleridge’s definition of genius — that it consists in carrying on the feelings of the child into maturer years. Men of true genius give themselves up to the first simple impressions of common things. They are content to wonder, and smile, and admire, just as they did when they were children; it is the opening of the heart to all sweet influences. We are not called upon to write poetry for angels or saints, but for men; for men who work and think and suffer. He who is to photograph humanity, must at least be able to stand on a common level with it, and by his many sympathies enrich his special experience with all that is universal. Poetry is the music of truth; and let it come through what medium it may, it is always musical while it is true.

But that literary feast also became a ‘Liebesmahl:’ to conjugate the verb ‘to love’ in that rich, full, sonorous dialect, was less easy than to give it reality, an active transitivity. I learned to love the German, but Mr. Jackson, the Rector, more.

Well, time brought with it its changes. The invalid Alice died; she is waiting for me beside those ever-shining gates: Mr. Jackson became more and more endeared to his people and to me; his moodiness went away from him. Fred grew toward the stature of his manhood, a kind, sterling, tractable child; while the angel Carrie grew still more beautiful to me in that childish truthfulness which will light her to the grave. To couple her name, the memory of her virtues, and the consciousness of the godliness of her life, with the tomb, was to rob the latter of all its shadowiness and dread!

At last it came as it was to be. Mr. Jackson spoke to me of love. It was on a cold, starlit night in March. We were standing by one of the broad windows, looking out upon the landscape, which was beautiful still, though clothed in the dreariness of winter.

‘Jenny,’ he commenced, half-sorrowfully, ‘I am about to say something that may lower me very much in your estimation, but I cannot help it. It has been in my heart for many weeks; it has wrapped it like the landscape before us, in all the chilliness of winter. Whether what I may say will bring sunshine and spring, or leave me still standing an Ishmael in this desert of my life, I cannot tell.’

He paused a moment, and I thought I heard my heart beat in that stillness. I had a consciousness of what was coming.

‘Go on, Leonard,’ I said; ‘let me be Hagar to you.’

‘No! no!’ he cried, with considerable vehemence; ‘you must be more; you must be my Rebecca — my Leah!’

‘I will be any thing you wish,’ I said.

I was surprised at the calmness with which I said that ; I was not surprised that I was thoroughly happy. He took me in his arms and kissed me passionately.

‘We love each other, Jenny.’

This was said so slowly, so measuredly, that it caused me to look up into his face.

‘We have loved each other for a long while, Leonard. I am very, very happy ! How could you possibly lower yourself in my estimation by such an avowal ? How I wish that words of mine could restore the summer in your heart.’

‘It may never be, dearest Jenny. I am like a blasted pine upon a dreary heath ; a Pariah, more of an outcast from his own soul than from the world without. In this hour you will curse me, Jenny, just as I shall curse myself ; in this hour I may sear your heart just as mine has been seared, turn it to stone, just as mine has been turned ; it is the hour of my sin, and I shrink away from the consciousness I have of the purity of your inner life. Jenny, I have loved you long and well ; the passion swells my veins with fire while I speak. My companionship with you has taught me much ; much of hope, and faith, and love. God does not create the intelligent mind with its powers and faculties fully formed at the beginning, with all the principles of truth apparent to thought, and all the elements of experience enfolded in its consciousness. He creates it infantile. He makes the very commencement of its being dependent upon others. And then he leaves the forces that are lodged in it, and that are innately prophetic of a future, to be unfolded, trained, and matured by the action of other minds, manifested in speech or books ; by the exercise of thought, by the ministry of experience, above all by contact with effort and disappointment. I have learned more by my companionship with you, by the action of your mind, than by effort, and suffering, and experience combined. But why should I speak of this ? I have told you that I love you—that is very sweet ; what I have to add is very, very bitter. Jenny, you can never be my wife !’

His face was very white ; there was a dull, icy glare in his eyes, and a perceptible shudder passed over him. Perhaps we were alike affected, and alike manifested it. I felt a sudden chilliness in the air, and I caught at the window-hangings for support. I did not speak for a little while ; then taking both his hands in mine and looking steadfastly into his face, I said : ‘Leonard, what does all this mean ? Why can I not be your wife ?’

He took my arms and made me put them around his neck. Then he said, in a low, husky whisper : ‘Jenny, I am married !’

One quick, passionate embrace, one long burning kiss, and I was

alone. I seemed only conscious that the rector had staggered across the room, out of the door. Oh! the wretchedness of that hour! I never thought that one's heart could bear so much and yet not break. I felt ten-fold more wretched, more unsatisfied, more sick and tired of life and the world than I did when they laid a beloved mother in the grave, and, later still, the invalid Alice. There were no tears in my eyes; it was a grief too deep for tears. I crept up to my chamber, frightened at my own ghostliness. I prayed for strength, that I might endure; for patience, that I might wait; for life, that I might live!

Now I was able to account for many things about the rector that had seemed singular to me; his frequent absence from the parish; his sullen moodiness; his alternate warmth and coldness toward me. I was certain that he loved me very much—warmly, passionately. Those words that he had spoken had long been burning in his soul; they must have found vent sooner or later; there are some things that the heart must either be relieved of—or burst.

Well, months went by, and the winter set in again. Mr. Jackson ceased to be attentive to me, and even avoided my society. It required a mighty effort; I could read it in his melancholy eyes, and in his more than common restlessness. In part, I felt thankful for the course of action he had adopted. While it made me admire him all the more, it also gave me time to fortify my own soul, and reconcile it to its first great sorrow.

I have an incident of another night in March to relate. It was not a clear, star-light night, though. It was a dreary, wintry night, wondering whether it should relent into the capriciousness of April. A disagreeable rain was falling, one of those wretched compromises between snow and sleet. I was sitting alone by the fire; my pupils had retired to bed, and Mr. Ashley had gone to the adjoining village.

Suddenly the door opened, and there entered, preceded by a gust of wind almost visible in the mistiness, a young woman. She walked straight up to the grate and held her hands over it, neither speaking nor looking around her. It was this silence which made me feel so uncomfortable; a chilliness crept over me as I gazed upon her; it was not the chilliness of the rain, but the chilliness of dread.

She was scantily attired, though a heavy blanket, carelessly thrown around her, had in a manner protected her from the storm. Her hair was dishevelled and very black; her face was ghostly white, and her eyes dull and ghastly, like those of a drowned person when they are found open.

I cannot say that I was afraid of her; she seemed perfectly harmless, and there was an air of refinement about her that told of better days.

‘It is cold,’ I said.

She turned around and bent her eyes upon me ; no, *flashed* ; before they were so icy, but now how they blazed !

‘ Who said it was cold ? ’ she asked fiercely.

‘ I did, ’ I replied, in a mild tone, though I was conscious that I trembled.

‘ You, eh ? Well, it’s nothing to you or to me if it *is* cold ! Who makes it cold ? It is a *nice* night to those who never get out into any night at all !

‘ How bright the fagots in this little hole
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall ! ’

Did Campbell say that ? Well, there are no ‘ pleasures of hope ’ for me ; I have no hope. What makes you stare at me so. ’ But I ought n’t to speak so gruffly ; you are a woman, and may help me. Tell me, do you think me crazy ? ’

I did not answer directly ; it required an evasive answer, and one so framed that she could not detect that it was such. I still kept my eyes upon her, and said quietly : ‘ Who said that you were crazy ? Take a chair : I want to talk with you. ’

‘ Ha ! ha ! ha ! Just like I answered you awhile ago. Well, I an’t crazy, though they say I am. I have just broke out of the mad-house. Ah ! I am a good hand at stratagem ! There now, send me back ! ’

‘ You need not fear me. I have no reason for sending you any where. You can stay here ; you are no more crazy than I am. ’

A warm light came into her eyes at those words, and with a little persuasion I got her to lie down on the sofa, where she soon sank into a slumber. My thoughts were varied as I gazed into that face, pale and care-worn, yet beautiful still, and framed in with its wealth of raven hair. My life had been a life of toil and struggling and suffering ; one by one my relatives had passed into the shadowy tomb, and just then there was a great sorrow brooding in my heart ; but I felt thankful that, amid all, God had still vouchsafed unto me my reason. A prayer went up in that lone, quiet room ; the wind still howled dismally without, but there was a calmness in my heart. I parted the hair from her white forehead, and there were tears in my eyes as I watched her low, childish breathing.

She remained prostrated a week, subject to attacks of insanity that at times really frightened us. Mr. Ashley took as much interest in her as I did, and the children often stole up to her room during the day-time to ask how the strange woman with the white face was, just as if the faces of other women were not white.

In a week from the night upon which she came to Abernethney Hall she died. It rained on that night, too ; it rained on the day we buried her ; it rained on the day she was married, and no doubt on

the day she was born. So had been her life, always listening to the 'fitful sighing of the rain!'

The rector was absent during the time our strange visitor was sick. He returned on the evening before she was buried. I heard him coming up into the study. The crazy woman was lying in her shroud in the room below, with a calm serenity upon her face, and with a few choice hot-house flowers looped among her dark curls. The kind hands of little Carrie had done that.

The rector was somewhat startled when he beheld me sitting in the study instead of Mr. Ashley. He however reached out his hand quite cordially.

'You seem troubled,' I said.

'I have much to trouble me, Jenny,' he said sorrowfully; 'yet I am still thankful that God gives me strength to bear it all. You have been writing?'

'Yes, I was writing to you; it is not necessary now. You are wanted to officiate at a funeral.'

'Is it possible? Any of the parishioners dead?'

'No; it is a strange woman who died here — a crazy woman.'

Oh! how white his face grew! He caught at the table for support.

'Died *where*?', he asked huskily.

'Here, in the house,' I replied wonderingly. 'She is lying in the parlor, arrayed for the tomb.'

He looked at me for a moment; his eyes grew very much like hers in their vacant stare; then he took up the lamp, forgetting that he was leaving me in the darkness, and passed down-stairs. I followed him, impelled by a thought that made me shudder just then because it thrilled my veins with a sort of pleasure.

The rector was kneeling beside the corpse, kissing the cold lips and murmuring: 'O Elsie! my wife! my beautiful one!'

Again that thought flashed through my brain; she was indeed the rector's wife, and the thought would sooner shape into a certainty. There was a choking sensation in my throat, but ere I could turn away, the rector saw me. He motioned me to his side, but without getting up from his knees.

'What did she tell you?' he asked.

'She told me nothing about herself or the past. I heard you call her wife.'

'Yes, she was my wife. She is at rest now, and it is better for her and for me. No prayers need be offered up for a soul so kind and so good as hers was.'

He said nothing more just then, which in a manner surprised me. He rose up, folded his arms, and gazed steadfastly into the face of the dead. A scalding tear fell upon my hand; he seemed to have for-

gotten that I was near him, and I stole up into my room to weep. But in the pulpit, when he preached the funeral sermon of his own once beautiful wife, he explained it all. Many eyes filled with tears then, and the hearts of the people went out farther than ever toward their suffering pastor.

The remainder of the story is soon told. Insanity had been hereditary in the family of the rector's wife. She knew it, but had not dared to tell him of it; the dread presentiment that she would eventually fall a victim to the horrid disease, draped many hours that otherwise would have been joyous ones, in the blackness of night.

At last it came, in the third year of her marriage, and the poor, almost heart-broken rector was compelled to send her to an insane asylum. He visited her often while there, providing many comforts for her, and leaving no means untried to restore her.

Sometimes she appeared perfectly sane, meeting him with all the pleasantries of yore, and asking to be taken to his heart again; at other times she would be perfectly ungovernable, and charge him with the most violent abuses, and this lasted five years.

But she was dead now; she had gone to her home at last — to a beautiful home decked with stars, and gorgeous in the unspeakable richness of Christ.

'And you and the rector were married in the end?' is the suggestive query.

And very meekly yet contentedly I answer: 'We were.'

T H E K I S S .

I.

THE lyre I bear, so sweet of sound,
I dash it on the frozen ground;
For idle are its golden chords,
And vain of song the burning words.

II.

I kiss thee. Let my kiss avail,
Where speech and music both must fail,
To tell the love, that else must be
A secret evermore from thee.

J. A. D.

Philadelphia, April, 1860.

RURAL LETTER TO A COCKNEY FRIEND.

My friend Jenks has very kindly permitted me to take a copy of the following letter which he recently dispatched to his old chum and class-mate, George Gore. As the reader may like to know something about Jenks, (of course he knows Gore,) I will give him a short sketch of his career. Jenks was a charity scholar in college. Being an orphan, some friends of the family, anxious to get rid of him in the easiest way possible, begged a school education for him; in acquiring which, having evinced occasional gleams of aptness and some industry, they next succeeded in getting him into college as a charity student. The friendship between him and Gore grew out of the former taking part with the latter in a quarrel which Gore got into with some of the Grundy family. Jenks was the best friend, but Gore the most demonstrative one. They both stood very fair in their class. Jenks was the best Greek scholar, Gore the most subtle metaphysician. If either of them gave especial promise of being good for any thing, or every thing, Jenks was the man. He was, nevertheless, a good while in finding out for what particular post in life he was more especially adapted. Fortunately, however, he learned, before he reached the age of thirty-five, that a toll-gate post was the one by which he would be content to pass the remainder of his days.

But a wide and various experience was necessary to enable him to make this discovery. After he graduated from college, he studied divinity three years, preached three months, and then renounced the profession for good—for his own good he said, as well as for that of others. As soon as the society over which he was settled got organized on a firm and permanent basis, that is, one half of the society opposed to him, and the other half in his favor, he resigned on account of his health. He used to tell his friends that his health was good enough at the time of his resignation, but that he never could have preserved it in such a quarrelsome position as that. Still, he said no society could be kept alive long unless the friends and enemies of the minister were very nearly equally divided. When he left the pulpit, he became for a time the literary critic of a country newspaper. For attending to this department of the paper and 'doing the chores' of the editor's family, he obtained his board and washing; but the necessity of getting a new suit of clothes obliged him to hunt up some more lucrative situation.

He then taught school for a time; but the school-children having become a good deal attached to him, some of the parents said, there could not be much order, much study, or much progress, where the children found the school so pleasant. For their part, they recollected

that they dreaded the school-master as they did the evil one, and the school-house as they did the evil one's dominions. The consequence was, he received a rather sudden dismissal. To continue the narrative in his own words, he said: 'Not anticipating so sudden an end to my labors as teacher, I had got in debt to the man with whom I boarded about forty dollars, and was to pay him from my wages for the next term. He was very much interested in my welfare, and stirred himself so zealously in my behalf, that at a caucus for nominating a representative to the General Court, so much enthusiasm had been created in my favor that I received the nomination. The party to which I belonged being in the ascendancy, I was elected, and in due time took my seat among 'the assembled wisdom.' I soon discovered that it was much pleasanter to contemplate a great political joke at a distance than to participate in it. Such a view of political matters does better for an outsider than for an office-holder; and one term as a representative finished my political career.

'I next purchased a movable daguerreotype saloon, and travelled about the country with that for a time. This business I was very well satisfied with, but disliked moving away from a place just as I began to get attached to it. The last place I moved into, a fire occurring one night, a man who had a house about a quarter of a mile distant from it in the same direction as the wind was blowing, suggested that a back-fire might be necessary to stop the progress of the flames. At this suggestion half-a-dozen firemen, with a calmness and deliberation usual at such times, rushed upon my portable home, and amid inarticulate yells and such screams as 'Now then!' 'Heave ahead there!' 'Make room for No. 2,' my house was shoved up against the burning building, and was soon a heap of ashes. No other buildings were burned but mine and the one where the fire originated. A vacancy having occurred in this toll-house about that time, I was fortunate enough to obtain the place. The rest you know.'

Thus ended the narrative of my friend Jenks. It was one of the most creditable features in the character of Gore that he should have remained the persistent and fast friend of Jenks, notwithstanding their paths, as they advanced in life, had diverged so widely.

'DEAR GEORGY: I find that I am all the time overrating people, especially celebrities like yourself. The fact is, a prominent, social position like that you enjoy, must tend to enervate the character. Somehow it seems to make men thin-skinned, at least you seem to be so. I am confirmed in the doubts I have long entertained, whether too gregarious a life is conducive to toughness of moral and mental fibre. It has a tendency to scatter the power which needs to be very much condensed in order to give a man substantial, moral equipoise

and real intellectual calibre. You stand fire so poorly, that my sympathies have been roused in your behalf. To be candid, I was not a little provoked at the delight afforded your scaly literary brethren by the stone I carelessly tossed at you while you were disporting in the shallow waters of a muddy stream. In contemplating your present condition, two maxims of Jean Paul commend themselves to my notice.

‘Mollify thy heart by pointing out the sufferings of thy enemy: think of him as of one spiritually sick, who deserves sympathy.

‘Most men judge so badly: why wouldst thou be praised by a child? No one would respect thee in a beggar’s coat: what is a respect that is paid to woollen cloth, not to thee?’

‘I wear some such sort of garment as that spoken of above, though it is of very good material and modern cut. If nobody respects me, I am sorry for nobody, that’s all.

‘I have mollified my heart a good deal toward you, Georgy. I am afraid I evinced a more ungenerous spirit than the circumstances of the case would warrant, in declining to pitch into you except on such mercenary grounds as those I designated. But I must confess, from what poor means I have of judging, that you have displayed less philosophical equanimity under a little good-natured banter, than might reasonably have been expected of you. It is very evident that you do not believe all is vanity and vexation of spirit. You very plainly covet the applause of ‘Vanity Fair.’ Do you ever read Curtis’ ‘Potiphar Papers’? If you have read that very popular satirical production, you certainly cannot be willing to make very great sacrifices in the hope of standing well with ‘our best society.’ The fact is, dear Georgy, you mix too much with this social excellence for your own spiritual health; you very naturally acquire the tone which prevails there, and from all that I could ever read and learn about it, (I have n’t much practical knowledge of it, as it may be needless to say,) it is not the realization of the highest possible ideal tone.

‘You will excuse me for assuming a rather patronizing air toward you, inasmuch as I am somewhat older than you are — an advantage, however, which I never allow another to presume upon in his treatment of me — and I have had advantages in education which you cannot boast. To be sure, these advantages may bear some resemblance to those exultingly enumerated by the elder Mr. Weller, when reproaching his son Samivel for his defeat in an encounter with the Mulberry chap. You may affect to sneer at that sort of education, but, think you, we should have ever heard of Sam Weller if he had spent seven years at Oxford? They would have taken the humor all out of him in half that time. Colleges do n’t tolerate humor. It is unconventional; a thing of too rank growth; it has n’t respect

enough for persons ; it sometimes lacks refinement ; it is too spontaneous, hearty, and genial for the cold serenity and delicate sensibility of fastidious and elegant culture. You may say that humor is none the less attractive for being refined instead of coarse. Polish only adds to the beauty of the diamond as well as to that of the oak stick. But humor bears no resemblance to any thing in the mineral or the vegetable world. You spoil a Pegasus when you harness him to a bark-mill or a threshing-machine.

‘If you do n’t like my patronizing tone, of course you have a right to resent it in any way you please ; I do n’t deny that you have this privilege. If you are a wise man, you will prefer being abused to being praised. Pray did you never observe how much more kindly-disposed your acquaintances are toward you when you are the object of censure than when you are the object of praise ? Of course, the reason of this is too obvious to dwell upon ; the praises you receive mortify their vanity ; the abuse you receive gratifies it. I do n’t know what your experience has been in this way, but doubtless this observation has been thrust upon you time and again. I never fail to give people the best opportunity I can to slight me in a way that will be most gratifying to their vanity ; they always feel so much better disposed to me afterward. The slight may be unimportant to them, why should it be of any consequence to me ? You may not have supposed that I should have had any very great superfluity of praise to complain of, yet I have had enough to alienate nearly all my relations from me, and sometimes dogs, I believe, would have been set on to me, if the four-legged brutes had not had surer instincts than their owners — if they had not had a better appreciation of those who were their master’s friends than their masters themselves had. All on account of being over-praised. I mention the circumstance by way of illustration, from philosophical motives only. I do n’t pretend to be much more deserving than Aristides was, and do n’t expect to be much better treated ! You see, Georgy, I am a man that hath had losses, and therefore I expect you to pay a greater regard to my utterances. Heed the admonitions I give unto you.

‘You write too much. What necessity is there of your having an income of four or five thousand dollars a year, or half that sum ? You will finally write yourself into insanity like Southey. You bear a greater resemblance to that writer than to any other that I know of, though I think you are superior to him. Too much brain did not cause Southey’s insanity, but the over-working of a little brain. You may have a similar experience : I intend to avoid it. If Coleridge’s and Southey’s wives had continued the millinery business, and the two poets had opened a cheap (or dear) publication stall near them, they could have lived in a very cheap and comfortable manner, and it

would have been better for all concerned. If Southey had written no more than Coleridge, the world would have been just as wise perhaps. Furnishing material for the outside of the head is full as agreeable and more lucrative employment than furnishing material for the inside.

‘One of my ideals of a comfortable and happy life is a house and shop united, a small book-store, for instance, with the books all paid for, and no debts to harass one. When there were no customers in the shop, it would be so pleasant to run up-stairs and kiss the baby or its mother.

‘As you and I are bachelors, Georgy, our characters have never been softened or hardened as the case may be, by the wedded joys or domestic trials that are said to be necessary to make a full and perfect man. I don’t know who the authority is for Byron’s having said that ‘A man’s education was never complete until he had had a separation from his wife.’ As likely as not he never said it, though to be sure it is much more characteristic than many remarks ascribed to him which we know to be genuine. If he had been inclined to publish such an assertion, he would not have found a better place to put it in than among the following remarks. Speaking of his wife, he says: ‘First, she refused me, then she accepted me, then she separated herself from me: so much for consistency. I need not tell you of the obloquy and opprobrium that were cast upon my name when our separation was made public. I once made a list from the journals of the day of the different worthies, ancient and modern, to whom I was compared: I remember a few, Nero, Apicius, Epicurus, Caligula, Heliogabalus, Henry the Eighth, and lastly, the —; all my former friends, even my cousin, George Byron, who had been brought up with me, and whom I loved as a brother, took my wife’s part; he followed the stream when it was strongest against me, and can never expect any thing from me; he shall never touch a sixpence of mine. I was looked upon as the worst of husbands, the most abandoned and wicked of men; and my wife as a suffering angel, an incarnation of all the virtues and perfections of the sex. I was abused in the public prints, made the common talk of private companies, hissed as I went to the House of Lords, insulted in the streets, afraid to go to the theatre, whence the unfortunate Mrs. Mardyn had been driven with insult.’

‘Here now was an experience worth while, and it would seem as though a philosopher ought to have drawn the richest moral and mental nutriment from it. To recur again to Jean Paul, another of his maxims was: ‘Not chance, but I am to blame for my sufferings.’ There are maxims more flattering to the self-love than this, but hardly any more safe to believe in.

If Byron had lived until this time, I have no doubt he would now

have been a very respectable, conservative old gentleman. He undertook to sow a larger crop of wild oats than he had strength to harvest, and he died in the undertaking. The same experience befell Burns. If one gets successfully through a geoponical experience in ethics of this kind, he may have acquired moral strength, and he may have received a moral taint from it — more likely the latter. Therefore, from what little light I have on the subject, I think I would advise all young men to dispense entirely with any such experience.

‘Jones says you complain of my provokingly calm stupidity, my swaggering complacency, my stilted composure, and wish that I could be flogged into the same fretting discontent, the same unhappy mood of irritation, which possesses you so much of the time. You are uncharitable, Georgy; ’t is a gift of fortune, this same calm stupidity, and he is highly favored (flavored too, perhaps) who has it. Hume says it is worth ten thousand pounds a year to a man. I should like to sell, nevertheless, one tenth of my possessions in this line for a thousand pounds a year. I will not, however, give up a single iota of it except for a pecuniary consideration.

‘In speaking of some good-natured man the other day, you called him ‘impertinently happy.’ The remark at once struck me as a very felicitous one. If there is one greater impertinence than all others that an American can be guilty of, it is that of being happy. Steady, uniform, imperturbable happiness is a personal insult to an immense majority of the sovereigns of the United States. An intelligent foreigner recently said that he would not live in this country to own it. ‘What an unhappy people, if their faces express their feelings,’ he said. I never saw a man in the streets that did n’t seem uneasy, and walk as if driven; nor scarcely a woman in the house without a careworn and fidgety air.’

‘You very naturally added that such impertinent happiness as that spoken of was not compatible with what you consider a proper self-respect. Of course it is n’t. You, Georgy, are a superior specimen of the American branch of the Grundy family. According to the scale of merit used by that family, a happy man must be most emphatically a ‘Miss Nancy,’ and consequently wholly without self-respect. The man who has the most self-respect, according to this standard, is he who sacrifices all peace of mind, ‘walks as if driven,’ and pursues with the most intense eagerness, some popular shadow. I am a slow coach, and am not going to engage in any such scrub-race.

‘Your idea of self-respect, Georgy, I think is associated somewhat with a man’s occupation and income. I have no doubt it is quite different from that entertained by Dr. Johnson, and it is very evident that he had a good deal more respect for himself than for any body else. ‘He said a man might live in a garret at eighteen-pence a week;

few people would inquire where he lodged; and if they did, it was easy to say: 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending three-pence in a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do without supper. On clean-shirt days he went abroad and paid visits.'

'Life is quite a mixed affair — mixed with good and evil, poverty and riches, impertinent happiness and humble misery, sense and non-sense, and all that sort of thing. If is an awful reality, nevertheless, devoted chiefly to shams. Never mind, Georgy, let us act well our parts, however contemptible they may be. We have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the performance will soon be over, and the gas shut off.

Yours, etc.,

ELIJAH JENKS.

'P. S.: As your conduct of late has been rather sheepish, I desire, before sending this off, to make one more quotation from Jean Paul, well calculated to meet your case, as it pertains especially to sheep. He says:

"If you hold a stick before the wether, so that he, by necessity, leaps in passing you, and then withdraw your stick, the flock will nevertheless all leap as he did; and the thousandth sheep shall be found impetuously vaulting over air, as the first did over an otherwise impassable barrier.'

'Now, Georgy, you are a sort of literary wether, and in consequence of the stick I good-naturedly thrust before you, you have been found impetuously vaulting over air, angrily scrabbling and sprawling in the dirt, butting imaginary objects, (not imaginative ones,) and behaving in a manner rather unbecoming a well-poised, self-possessed, and philosophical wether. But what I complain more especially of, is that you should cause a hundred thousand, more or less, old sheep and young lambkins to go 'vaulting over air,' thus wasting their strength without any possible good to them, and simply on account of a blunder you, their wether, committed.

'I always strive to be magnanimous enough to be just, under all circumstances; I will therefore cheerfully admit that in watching your appearance as you travelled over the two last rods of this well-worn sheep-path,* and entered the pasture where the death of every thing green had been caused by a hail-storm, I was pleased with the grace and vigor of your movements — they betokened unusual power and elegance — and I thought they well entitled you to the ovine leadership you enjoy.

'In writing you, friend Georgy, I always feel that there is no occa-

* The path was a good deal worn, and it was therefore more difficult for you to appear to advance in it. Other wethers have often taken their flocks over it. A new field would have afforded a better chance for a display of genius, in striking out in a new and original direction.

sion for my being guarded in what I write, no need of carefully weighing the phrases I use. We know each other too well to take offence at any remarks either of us may make. Like Goethe, we have no time to hate or be angry with any one, our thoughts run in too elevated a sphere for that; but it was unkind in you not to do me that little municipal favor I asked of you.

E. J.

S U S A N N A H .

THERE comes me in a wafered note,
Writ in a dainty female hand,
With compliments all underscored,
And neatly signed SUSANNAH BLAND.
The writer says my pleasant rhymes
Have caused her many a hearty laugh,
And in a crispy postscript asks
The favor of my autograph.

She also sends a postage-stamp,
Which gives the thing a business
look,
As if she were methodical
In every thing she undertook :
Or ought I rather to infer,
And neither give nor take offence,
That poet's signatures are worth
And can be purchased for three cents !

If not, what may your notion be,
In thus applying for my name ?
Is it because you'd have me think
That I am not unknown to fame ?
If this is what the note implies,
Permit me to express my thanks ;
But, let me hint to Madame FAME,
I'd rather stand well with the Banks.

I know she owns a pillared dome
That crowns a steep and lofty hill :
Its picture in my spelling-book
Haunts busy manhood's memory still.
But ah ! such real estate 's too high
For even corner-lots to rise,
And hers are not the kind of rocks
To charm a bank-director's eyes.

An over-stately dame is she,
Who carries, I have cause to know,
Two trumpets — one to hear withal,
And one, the longest, made to blow.

Hartford, (Conn.)

She's precious hard of hearing, too,
And keeps the short one at her ear,
Wherein her suitors have to bawl
Tremendously to make her hear.

And even then the one she blows
Emits at times so faint a sound,
That ere it reaches Echo's cell
'T is in the misty distance drowned.
It takes a most stentorian blast
To reach the stolid public's ears,
And so for wind to fill the trumpet
She has to husband hers for years.

Besides, I do n't know *you*, SUSANN,
Nor whether you look ill or well :
If you are widow, maid, or wife,
Or neither, 's more than I can tell.
Wherefore, (excuse me,) I should like,
Ere I comply with your request,
To see you in your morning-gown,
Or Sunday-go-to-meeting best.

Perhaps you 'll take the trouble, ma'am,
To aid me in this little matter :
So, just to guard against mistakes,
(For friends, you know, are apt to
flatter.)

Please send me your daguerreotype,
And I can guess from seeing that,
If you're a charming wide-awake,
Or only an unconscious flat.

And if it shows fair cheek and brow,
Ambrosial lips and laughing eyes,
The autograph shall leap to light
In letters of the largest size.
Still, if the picture proves a fright
I will not altogether slight you,
But hand your note to cousin BEN,
And let the hirsute dandy write you.

G. H. C.

THE BORROWED GARMENTS.

‘FRANK, lend me your swallow-tail coat.’

‘What for?’

‘Here,’ and I tossed him a moderate-sized card bearing the following inscription: ‘Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater’s compliments, and would be pleased to see Mr. Wilkins on Friday eve, the thirteenth instant at eight o’clock.’

‘No doubt of it.’

‘No doubt of what?’

‘That the sight of you would please Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwaters.’

‘Probably: will you lend me the coat?’

‘Yes, certainly.’

Frank Barnes and I were disciples of Æsculapius, and pursuing our studies at the — Medical College. We were chums and fast friends: we studied together, walked together, ate at the same table, and enjoyed in common our shuck-mattress and scanty quilts. We had just finished our mid-day allowance of ‘victuals,’ measured according to the boarding-house rule, and called by courtesy and our landlady ‘dinner,’ and had lit our pipes for our post-prandial siesta, when the above card was sent up to me, and occasioned the remark that opens this chapter. Frank and I were of about the same height and weight, and his coat would fit me exactly: but here the resemblance ceased entirely. Frank, though not foppish in the least, was always dressed with scrupulous neatness, and though he seldom went into society, always had a complete suit of handsome clothes. On the other hand, while I was very fond of society, I was very unfortunate in regard to my wardrobe, and was rarely the possessor of a respectable outfit. I had gone one moonlight night to the suburbs, with the intention of serenading my adorable Amelia, a young lady educated, refined and polished according to the most approved style, but whose father was not at all romantic, had a lamentably tuneless ear, and ‘did n’t approve of these here sareynades; thought young men ought to be in bed time enough to get up airy in the mornin’, and not go round howlin’ like a pack o’ painters.’ Notwithstanding this prejudice on the part of the parent, I resolved to woo the fair lady with a song, perhaps with two or three. Having importuned her to ‘Wake, lady, wake,’ I was respectfully soliciting her to ‘Meet me by moonlight alone,’ when her father interrupted the strain in a most inharmonious manner:

‘Look here, young man, pack up that blasted fiddle, and leave here! How do you s’pose a man’s goin’ to sleep with such an infernal screechin’ goin’ on?’

I did not deign to reply to his interrogatory, but muttering, 'I go, but I return,' went. Vexed at such a termination of the affair, I waited near by till all was again quiet, then went back, and taking up the thread of my song where it had been broken off, finished it. Gathering confidence as I went on, I was proceeding to request her to 'Come o'er the hills with me,' and was picturing in glowing colors the 'sweet content of our humble, happy lot,' when whack! like a discharge from a catapult, a body of unknown shape and dimensions, but evidently of considerable weight and density, struck the fence near me. Instinctively divining that this came from the hands of the 'enraged parient,' and fearing lest he should follow up his salute with a volley, I silenced the vibrating guitar-strings, postponed the 'Good night' song *sine die*, (excuse the bull,) and retreated. In my hasty and not remarkably graceful evacuation of the premises, an upstart nail in the fence made an ugly right-angled rent in my best broad-cloth.

And now Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater want to see me Friday eve: to-day is Thursday: too late to get a new garment made, to say nothing of my own impecuniosity. But as I said before, I was very fond of society, especially that of Amelia, who would certainly be at the party, as she was on very intimate terms with Miss Georgia Fitzwater. So go I must; and as society has decreed that a coat is an indispensable article of apparel at a party, I borrowed Frank's immaculate swallow-tail.

'And Frank, I shall want your gaiters,' as I discovered that one of mine showed a very ragged abrasion on the side, and the other was sadly run down at the heel.

'Take 'em along,' said he, and quietly went on 'cloud compelling.' But I was too much agitated to smoke. I let my pipe go out, called Frank Mrs. Fitzwater, and was only recalled to my senses when he reminded me that my 'doeskins' needed repairing. So I seized a needle and thread, and after many futile efforts succeeded in passing the latter through the eye of the former. I then carefully closed the gaping fissure, not without tangling the thread several times, and uttering several adjectives not very complimentary to the pantaloons and the maker thereof.

'T were vain to attempt to tell what horrid dreams racked my brains that night. They were an *olla podrida* of absurd incongruities. At one time I was making my *salaam* to Mrs. Fitzwater, and repeating the well-conned complimentary speech to Miss Georgia, when suddenly the needle which I inadvertently had left in my trowsers, made its presence known in a very insinuating manner. At another, Mr. Fitzwater was shaking my hand with one of his, and with the other extracting the pins with which I had attempted to cobble the disinte-

grated coat-tail; while Amelia's father stood by poising two bricks over my devoted head. Amelia looked charming in Frank's dress-coat; and Miss Temperance Jones, an elderly spinster who formerly had 'taught my young idea,' and administered wholesome correction with her slipper, (I forget the number, it seemed Brobdignagian at that time,) appeared at a side-door armed with my damaged gaiter. This last apparition woke me, and I lay feverishly tossing till morning. When morning came, I rose, but unrefreshed. The day was long and weary, and I enjoyed it most miserably. Evening came at last, and with it the necessity of preparing for the party. Who that has ever got ready for a party does not remember the petty annoyances attendant on the operation? How the refractory shirt will not be buttoned, and the razor will cut your chin! Your shoe-strings get into a hard knot, and your rebellious scalp-lock will not submit even to a most copious lubrication with fragrant Maccassar. All this I suffered and more; and Frank complacently sat there laughing at me.

'Wilkins,' said he, after I had gone through the trying ordeal of outward purification, and donned a clean under-garment, 'Wilkins, have you polished those gaiters?'

'Thunder! No!'

So I had to divest myself of the clean garment, and go at it. As I sat silently rubbing the calf-skins, the thought struck me that perhaps I could not get them on. The distressing idea had not entered my brain before, and now it came upon me with terrific force. I have said that Frank was about as tall as myself; but as he probably had more aristocratic blood in him than I have, he wore shoes two numbers smaller than mine. Though those before me were too large for him, for me they were 'a leetle too small by a plaguey sight.' But I had gone too far to be baffled by this fact; and so after a great deal of exertion, much perspiration, and perhaps a few maledictions, I succeeded in encasing my extremities in the shoes. I performed my ablutions a second time, and proceeded with my toilet.

'Wilkins,' said Frank, 'Miss Georgia is rather sentimental, is n't she?'

'Rather.'

'Somewhat given to 'awakening the slumbering echoes in the caverns of memory'?''

'Somewhat.' I was too much engaged with my cravat to make any very extended remarks.

'Well, Wilkins, when she talks to you about the 'hollow-hearted world,' do n't spoil the metaphor by a description of the *auricles* and *ventricles*.'

'There's my hat on the floor; take it.'

'No, I thank you: you need it to-night.'

By this time I was dressed; and leaving the house, I started on foot for the Fitzwater mansion, as it was but a few squares distant. I had not gone far when I discovered that the shoes were rather tight; but I trudged boldly on, and by the time I had reached the house my feet were in an anæsthetic state, and I was comparatively comfortable.

I pass over my entrance; the nervous manipulation of my cravat in the cloak-room, while I endeavored to persuade myself that I was perfectly self-possessed; my salutation of the host and hostess; and my chat with Miss Georgia, in which the charming moonlight evenings and Mrs. Harlan's last novel were the predominant topics, with a few remarks on the struggles of unappreciated genius, and one allusion to the 'hollow-hearted world.' Georgia was called away to be presented to Colonel and Mrs. Somebody, and espying Amelia across the room, I made my way to her side. With her I forgot all the tribulations of the day, and was fast losing consciousness in the intoxication of love, when I was called back to this world in a very uncomfortable manner.

'Sir,' said the editor of the —, with Pickwickian emphasis and dignity, 'I set my foot *down* upon such principles!'

The remark was made to Major —, one of the prominent street-corner politicians, and in reference to some of the Major's principles; but the foot — the eighteen inches, rather — was set down upon my unoffending member, which I had gracefully thrown before me in taking my favorite attitude. Oh! it was excruciating! That ruthless tread sent a thrill through every filament of my nervous system, and at the same time woke me from my elysian dream. A howl was upon my lips, but I choked it down with a cough and a subdued groan, and wiping the perspiration from my brow, attempted to renew the conversation with Amelia. But the charm was broken. I made a few disjointed, spasmodic remarks, wiped more perspiration from my brow, and was about to plead sudden indisposition and retire, when a gentleman approached and handed me a letter, saying I had dropped it as I drew my handkerchief from my pocket. As he was handing it to me, Amelia snatched it. I trembled in my — I beg pardon — in Frank's shoes, lest it might be one of my numerous duns, which were just then falling thick and fast upon me. I begged her not to read it; tried to seize it; and failing in this, resorted to strategic measures with equally poor success. My anxiety only increased her curiosity, of course; and opening it, she began to read: 'Dear Frank, your sweet, charming, lovely, and highly-prized letter came —.' The truth flashed upon me in an instant. It was one of Frank's letters which he had left in his coat-pocket, having used the envelope to light his pipe with. I became more anxious than ever, and entreated her to give it to me and permit me to explain. For visions of a broken

engagement, rings and other tokens returned, blighted hopes, and blasted reputation, passed quickly through my brain. I had the letter; my name was Frank, and it was indisputably a love-letter. Female logic needed no more definite propositions. Calming myself as well as I could, I asked Amelia to come with me out upon the piazza, and I would explain all. We went out, and I was rapidly giving her the details, telling her that it was my chum's letter from his cousin up in Vermont, and that I hoped she would not read it, as he would be very angry if the contents were known —

'But how did you get it? He would not let you have such a letter.'

'Here was a dilemma. I must either tell her a falsehood, or acknowledge that I am wearing borrowed garments. My pride revolts from the latter horn, as would hers at the thought of a coatless lover. If I adopt the other alternative, I sacrifice my sense of right; and besides, I have not time to concoct a respectable lie.

But pride prevailed, and I did not mention the coat. I do not know what I did tell her; it must have been an incoherent jargon; for I remember that she looked at me with curious, inquiring eyes, as though she had suspicions concerning either my veracity or my sanity. She seemed satisfied, however, and gave me the letter. The rooms were warm and crowded; the guests were warm, and many of them very musky; so we preferred to promenade on the cool piazza, and I was again oblivious of all things earthly. I repeated the choice selections I had made from Byron, and what I could remember of Lalla Rookh. Thus, in full enjoyment of the calm autumnal night, were our souls in sweet commune. As we gazed at the distant stars, and selected one as our future home, the well-known words of the poet rose to my lips:

'Off in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wished this little isle had wings;
And we within its fairy bowers
Were wafted off to —'

'The devil!' I cried, as I struck my foot—the bruised one—against one of Mrs. Fitzwater's flower-pots. Amelia withdrew her arm from mine, and casting a scornful, withering look upon me, said, in a voice husky with emotion:

'Sir, you are a brute! you are drunk!'

She paused, as though for a reply, and I was about to say that I wished I were both, when she continued:

'You have insulted me both in your conduct and your language. You carry on flirtations with other girls. You have a letter from one, and when I see it, you make a miserable drunken apology for it. We part forever. Never appear in my presence again!'

And I did n't. With majestic air she disappeared: I left the house

as fast as my crippled feet would take me. I reached home, and taking off the coat and shoes which were the cause of all my misery, deliberately threw the latter at Frank, who sat deeply immersed in the mysteries of Carpentier. But I was too much agitated to take aim: one missile shattered the mirror, the other fractured the wash-bowl and pitcher.

Frank seized me before I could put the coat into the fire, held me till I was somewhat calm, then put me to bed, and went on reading, after muttering something about 'drunk again.' I awoke in the night with a high fever; roused Frank and sent him for the doctor, who came, saw, and blistered me most unmercifully.

Thus did I blight my matrimonial prospects, suffer a brain-fever, and break a looking-glass and washing utensils, (exorbitant bill of damages sent in by our landlady,) all because I went to a party in borrowed garments.

I have never seen Amelia since the memorable evening; but have learned that she married a respectable grain-dealer out West, and has an interesting family of children.

I am a bachelor yet, and have an *intensely* interesting family of toe-corns.

SCENE IN ITALY: A CRAYON SKETCH.

I.

'T WAS a broad garden of Italia's South,
Where human hands had guided Nature's will
Into green fancies; where from stony mouth
Of grotesque fountain, in the noon-day still
Of sunlight, you might hear cool waters, till
They charmed the faintness from your brow away;
Fretting the silence which they could not fill,
With the low babble of a glitt'ring spray
That starred with living gems the blue, o'er-hanging day.

II.

'About this garden scene were clustering trees,
Prisoning a pleasant twilight in the grove
That vista'd into gloom, 'neath leafy frieze,
Entangling like a gothic arch above.
No human step could here be heard to move;
The mossy pathway muffled wandering feet —
The busy winds grew mute as maiden's love,
Or feared to breathe in such a calm retreat,
Where you might think to hear the heart of Nature beat.'

A DAY AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY

AND ANNESLEY HALL, NOTTINGHAM.

WITH A SKETCH OF LORD BYRON, AND A VISIT TO HIS TOMB.

BY STEPHEN C. MASSETT.

IN a central part of Nottinghamshire, nine miles north of Nottingham, is situated Newstead Abbey, the place where the immortal genius of Byron first 'stretched her wing for fame.' Apart from the natural reverence of mankind generally for the memories of men distinguished in past days for great talents and high attainments, and especially for one who has touched the tenderest chords of human passion, and awakened the sympathies of the world with never-dying smiles and tears; apart from these associations, intimately connected as they are with the name of Byron and his romantic home, such varied scenes present themselves to the mind, from the history of this ancient castled convent, which of themselves are sufficient to interest the most casual observer, and to fully repay the antiquarian, historical or literary tourist who may visit its precincts, whatever trouble or expense he may have incurred in reaching it. But in these days of rapid locomotion, delay and expense have become almost chimerical, for we may journey from London Bridge to the Land's End in little more than a day, and for as small a cost as would formerly have been involved in visiting a neighboring town. Newstead is particularly easy of access from the surrounding neighborhood; and from whichever side it is approached, the scenery is delightful, the objects of attraction varied and rich in romantic tales and legendary lore. From Nottingham, Newstead is approached either by road or rail. The road is by far the most preferable, and generally adopted by parties who engage a vehicle at a moderate charge for the enjoyment of a rural ride.

The abbey was, it appears, founded in the year 1170, as a priory of Black Canons, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Through successive reigns it continued a religious house, down to the time of Henry the Eighth, who closed the doors January first, 1539. In the year 1540, by letters patent, it passed, I am informed, into the family of Sir John Byron, and continued in the family of the Byrons down to the time of the noble poet.

From the gate to the abbey is a mile. The carriage-road runs through the plantation for about three hundred yards, when it takes a sudden turn to the right: and on returning to the left, a beautiful

and extensive view over the valley and distant hills is opened, with the turrets of the abbey rising among the dark trees beneath.

To the right of the abbey is perceived a tower on a hill, in the midst of a grove of firs. From this part the road winds gently to the left, till it reaches the abbey, which is approached on the north side. It lies in a valley, very low, sheltered to the north and west by rising ground, and to the south enjoying a fine prospect over an undulating vale. A more secluded spot could hardly have been selected. The whole edifice is a quadrangle inclosing a court, with a reservoir, and the cloister still entire, running round the four sides. The entrance-door is on the west, in a small vestibule, and has nothing remarkable in it. On entering, you come into a large stone hall; and turning to the left, go through it to a smaller, beyond which is the stair-case. The whole of this has been rebuilt by Colonel Wildman, its late possessor, with whom, in the summer of 1858, I had the pleasure of passing a most delightful day. The abbey was purchased by Colonel Wildman in 1818, for one hundred thousand pounds, of Lord Byron; and I was shown the original letter of the poet to the Colonel in relation thereto. The gallant Colonel was school-fellow with the poet, and sat on the same form with him at Harrow.

The following extract from the letter written by Byron, and which was handed me to read, expresses not only the regard he felt for his old school-fellow, but also his evident satisfaction that the place which had cost him 'more than words to part with,' had fallen into hands likely to raise the venerable and romantic pile to something like its former splendor. He says: 'I should regret to trouble you with any requests of mine in regard to the preservation of any signs of my family, which may still exist at Newstead, and leave every thing of that kind to your own feelings, present or future upon the subject. I trust that Newstead will, being yours, remain so; and that it may see you as happy, as I am very sure that you will make your dependents. With regard to myself, you may be sure, that whether on the fourth, fifth, or sixth form at Harrow, or in the fluctuations of after-life, I shall always remember with regard my old school-fellow — fellow monitor and friend, and recognize with respect the gallant soldier, who, with all the advantages of fortune and allurements of youth to a life of pleasure, devoted himself to duties of a nobler order, and will receive his reward in the esteem and admiration of his country.' Many most interesting anecdotes were related to me by Colonel Wildman, who accompanied me through many of the apartments, rendering the visit doubly interesting. Over the cloister on the four sides of the building, runs the gallery, from which doors open into various apartments, now fitted up with great taste and elegance for the accommodation of the family.

In one of the galleries hang two oil-paintings of dogs as large as life, one a red wolf-dog, and the other a black Newfoundland, with white legs, the celebrated 'Boatswain:' they both died at Newstead. Of the latter Byron felt the loss as of a dear friend. These are almost the only paintings of Byron which remain at the abbey.

From the gallery you enter the grand drawing-room, an apartment of great dimensions, facing south, with a fine vaulted roof and polished oak floor, splendidly furnished in the modern style. The walls are covered with full-length portraits. This room was, in days of old, the sleeping-apartment of the monks. Two objects were here which demanded my attention: the first is the picture of Byron by Phillips, and is certainly the handsomest and most pleasing likeness I had seen of him; the other is a thing of which every body has heard, and of which few have any just idea. In a cabinet at the end of the room, carefully preserved, is kept the celebrated 'skull-cup,' and out of which I drank some claret, and on which are inscribed those striking verses:

'START not, nor deem my spirit fled;
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

'I lived, I loved, I quaffed like thee,
I died; let earth my bones resign.
Fill up, thou canst not injure me,
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

'Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood,
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

'Where once my wit perchance hath shone,
In aid of others let me shine;
And when alas! our brains are gone
What nobler substitute than wine?

'Quaff while thou canst, another race
When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace
And rhyme and revel with the dead!

'Why no! since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.'

People often suppose, from the name, that the cup retains all the terrific appearance of a death's head, and imagine that they could

'BEHOLD through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit.'

There is nothing whatever startling in it. It is well polished, its edge is bound by a broad rim of silver, and it is set in a neat stand of the

same metal. It is in appearance a very handsome goblet, from which the most fastidious might drink without scruple. I was told it was always produced after dinner when Byron had company at the abbey, and a bottle of claret poured into it. An elegant round library-table is the only article in this room that belonged to Byron, and this he constantly used.

Beyond this noble room, on the same floor, is Byron's study, now used as a temporary dining-room, the entire furniture of which is the same that was used by him: it is all plain and solid. A good painting of a battle over the side-board was also his. This apartment, perhaps beyond all others, deserves the attention of the pilgrim to Newstead, as more intimately connected with the poetical existence of Byron. It was here that he prepared those first effusions of his genius, which were published at Newark under the title of 'Hours of Idleness.'

It was here that he meditated, framed and wrote that retort to the severe critique they had called down, which stamped him as the keenest satirist of the day, and it was here that his beautiful and tender verses to 'Mary,' of whom I have to speak hereafter, were composed. A most touching incident, which occurred in this very room, during the last visit of Lady Lovelace (Byron's daughter Ada) to the abbey, was then related to me by Colonel Wildman. He informed me that it was the custom of Lady Lovelace, who was at the time on a visit to Newstead, to rise very early, before any of the servants or other inmates were up, and walk for hours in this apartment alone, gazing continually at the likeness of her father. Upon one of these occasions Colonel Wildman entered unexpectedly, and found Lady Lovelace with her face buried in her hands, sobbing violently: she looked up, and pointing to the picture, exclaimed: 'O Colonel Wildman! I feel as though I were walking in the tomb of my father!'

When the Colonel replied: 'Say rather, Lady Lovelace, in a splendid monument erected to his memory.'

Every memorial of his noble friend the Colonel has preserved with almost filial reverence. He conducted me to the bed-chamber of the poet, still remaining in the same state as when he left it forty years ago; the bedstead he had with him at Cambridge, with gilt posts, and surmounted by coronets; several views of Cambridge, and a portrait of Charles James Fox, adorn the walls; the washing-stand, table, chairs, carpet, (now much worn,) bed-curtains, and even the counterpane and boot-jack, are just as when the poet left them. In the dressing-room adjoining is a picture of his servant 'Murray,' and a likeness of 'Jackson' the pugilist.

In some of the rooms are very curiously-carved mantle-pieces, with grotesque figures, which are of very ancient date.

On the evening before Lord Byron left the abbey, business connected with the purchase called Colonel Wildman to Newstead, where he found the poet with his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, walking in the garden. Byron's attention was attracted to a tree with two stems, and he observed to her that the tree reminded him of themselves, alone in the world; and, taking a knife from his pocket, cut his own initials and those of his sister on the bark. A few weeks only before I arrived on this my second visit, a wealthy Italian, who had called to inspect the abbey and grounds, was so struck with the inscription pointed out to his attention, that he immediately sent his card by the gardener to Colonel Wildman, with an offer of five hundred pounds for that portion only containing the initials; but Colonel Wildman politely refused, stating that five thousand pounds would not induce him to part with that relic of his illustrious friend.

Next to Lord Byron's bed-room is the 'Haunted Chamber,' a dismal room, where 'tis said the spirit of a restless monk still at times intrudes his ghostly presence! During Byron's time it was occupied by his page. The bedstead is a specimen of good carving.

I then entered the library, containing a most valuable collection of ancient and modern literature. On one side hang two portraits of Nell Gwyne and Mrs. Hughes, also the Earl and Countess of Rutland, and one of Sir John Byron, 1599. Here is also a pair of magnificent gilt stirrups, formerly belonging to the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. We then went to the 'tapestry bed-room,' a splendid apartment, formed by the Byrons for the use of Charles the Second. The state-bed is surmounted by ostrich plumes, decorated with hangings and coverlet of the most costly and beautiful silk tapestry, all old French needle-work. The ceiling is richly decorated with the Byron arms.

Colonel Wildman then took me to the apartment which was formerly used as Byron's dining-room, and in which his mother died. It is now superbly furnished, and is used as the sitting-room of Mrs. Wildman. Here were two of Broadwood's pianos, and finding one of my own songs there, at the request of the host and hostess, I had the pleasure of singing it to them. The ceiling of this room is richly decorated in azure and gold in square compartments, and is ornamented by another of those beautiful many-headed mantle-pieces before described: in the centre of this one are the armorial bearings of the Byrons, upon which may be traced, in ancient letters, 'Sir John Byron, M.D. L.V.I.' The chairs are covered with tapestry, illustrating many of the fables of Æsop. Descending the staircase, you are introduced to the 'cloisters,' which are precisely in the same state as in the time of the monks. They present a most venerable and solemn appearance.

The chapel, which is open to the public every Sunday for service, is

a small, dark, groined room, formerly the chapter-house of the abbey. In it there are three stained windows, representing the twelve apostles, and another containing some beautiful specimens of the respective dates of 1534 and 1607. Returning back to the cloisters, I was next shown the stone coffin which was found near the high altar when the workmen were excavating the vault intended by Lord Byron for himself and his dog.

Having expressed to Colonel Wildman a desire to visit Annesley Hall, the former residence of Mary Anne Chaworth, Byron's first love, he kindly offered me every facility for accomplishing my wish. Accordingly, after a picturesque walk through a country, every footstep of which is more or less associated with the name of Byron, I entered the wild and park-like domain of Annesley, which joins the Newstead estates, and which, from the abbey, is distant about three miles. My eye rested upon the interesting range of hills, so famous by the poet's

‘Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood strayed,
How the northern tempests warring
Howl above the tufted shade !

‘Now no more the hours beguiling,
Former favorite haunts I see ;
Now no more my MARY smiling,
Makes ye seem a heaven to me !’

One of the most conspicuous of these wood-crowned heights is more particularly interesting from its being the scene of his parting with Miss Chaworth, (previous to her marriage with his rival, Mr. Musters,) a farewell, as he then thought, forever to her

‘Who was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.’

In the ‘Dream’ the place, and this heart-stirring incident, are thus vividly remembered :

‘I saw two beings in the hues of youth,
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green, and of mild declivity, the last
As ’t were the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke,
Arising from such rustic roofs: the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man.
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing — the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself — but the boy gazed on her ;
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon’s verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood :

The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.

He had looked

Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers:
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words: she was his sight,
For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,
Which colored all his objects: he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously, his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother, but no more; 't was much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honored race. It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not, and why?
Time taught him a deep answer, when she loved
Another; even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better: in her home,
A thousand leagues from his, her native home
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty; but behold
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be? She had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there,
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affliction her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be? She had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed
Upon her mind — a spectre of the past.
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love, oh! she was changed!
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceived
Of other's sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift!

What is it but the telescope of truth ?
 Which strips the distance of its phantasies
 And brings life near in utter nakedness,
 Making the cold reality too real !
 My dream was past: it had no further change:
 It was of strange order that the doom
 Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
 Almost like reality — the one
 To end in madness — both in misery !'

Annesley Hall is a place of great antiquity, and has for centuries been the residence of the Chaworths. It has no very great pretensions to architectural beauty, but strikes the visitors as a fine specimen of an old English baronial residence. You approach it by an ancient gate-house, which, from its loop-holes, bears evident marks of having been used as an out-post or barbican during the troubles of the civil wars. A long and sombre-looking arch-way led me through the centre of this gate-house into a spacious court-yard, on entering which the principal front of the hall presented itself. I looked for the 'antique oratory,' and by the butler was taken to the very room, occupied by Byron, now used as a dressing and bathing-room, and in which his celebrated 'Dream' was written; and although every room in the hall is more or less associated with the name of Miss Chaworth, and the whole place invested by Byron with charms of a more than ordinary character, this spot particularly claimed my attention.

The room is small, and built over the porch or principal entrance of the hall, and looking into the court-yard. The table, chair, and even the ink-stand, are preserved, which were used by him in composing that vivid picture of his departure from Annesley, after learning that Miss Chaworth was about to be married to Mr. Musters. I trust I may be pardoned for here introducing the lines:

'THERE was an ancient mansion, and before
 Its walls there was a steed caparisoned.
 Within an antique oratory stood
 The boy of whom I spake: he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to-and-fro: anon
 He sate him down, and seized a pen and traced
 Words which I could not guess of, then he leaned
 His bowed head on his hands, and shook as 't were
 With a convulsion; then arose again,
 And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
 What he had written, but he shed no tears.
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
 Into a kind of quiet: as he paused
 The lady of his love reëntered there:
 She was serene and smiling then, and yet
 She knew she was by him beloved — she knew,
 For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
 Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw
 That he was wretched, but she saw not all !
 He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
 He took her hand; a moment o'er his face

A tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced, and then it faded as it came;
 He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
 Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
 For they did part with mutual smiles; he passed
 From out the massy gate of that old hall,
 And mounting on his steed, he went his way,
 And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more!

The after-life of this lady was full of grief and bitterness, and although she still resided in the halls of her forefathers, surrounded by all the allurements which wealth and station could command, and although she was, as Byron beautifully expresses it,

‘BEGIRT with growing infancy,
 Daughters and sons of beauty;
 Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife:
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
 As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.’

The poet is not the only writer who has alluded to this melancholy subject.

William Howitt remarked that ‘there is nothing in all the histories of mortal sorrows and broken affections more mournful and striking than the idea of this lady, so bright and joyous-hearted in her youth, sitting in her latter years alone, and uninterrupted in this old house, weeping over the poems which commented in burning words on the individual fortunes of herself and Lord Byron.’ Another writer in the following graphic stanzas, strikingly impresses the mind with the same subject:

‘SHE sate in silence, and her tears fell free
 Over the open volume on her knee;
 She sat unheeding, while the hollow blast
 Rushed through the trees, whose shadows overcast
 The ancient terrace-walk. Within that room,
 The very aspect of decay and gloom
 Seemed gathering round its inmate; yet her eye
 Ne’er glanced upon its fallen luxury.
 Her bloom was gone forever, sad and pale
 As a crushed lily withering ‘neath the gale;
 With none to break her solitude, or view
 Her tearful eye, her cheek of marble hue,
 The few gray hairs amid each braided tress,
 And anguish fading all her loveliness,
 ‘T was mournful that so sad a change should fall
 Upon the lady of that silent hall;
 Was there not *one* to cheer her breaking heart,
 To bid each wild and fearful dream depart,
 And win her back to gladness? Could it be
 She was forgotten in her misery?
 Forgotten! by that oft-repeated word;
 What bitter memories in her heart were stirred
 Of *him* whose thoughts through all his wandering
 Were ever turned to *her*, whom life could bring
 No happiness. She thought of her own scorn

And all the wrong that Byron's name had borne;
 Then wildly gazed upon each line that told
 Of love rejected, cherished hope grown cold,
 Of thrilling agony, enduring care,
 And genius fiercely striving with despair!
 Her tears were dried, but a dark shadow grew
 Upon her smooth, white brow; 't was then she knew
 How fervently he loved her. She is laid
 Within her silent grave, beneath whose shade
 All anguish is forgotten. Stern decay
 Hath found a home within her mansion gray;
 Dark ivy clings upon the terrace wall,
 And wild plants grow around the ruined hall;
 While bending there, its branches rich and green,
 A willow stands, as if it mourned the scene:
 Not often in the court is heard the tone
 Of human accents, tall weeds have overgrown
 The fountain, and its cooling waters lie
 Hushed as the tears that flowed in Annesley.'

It is not my intention to enter into the causes of her unhappiness; they were fully known and canvassed in the neighborhood at the time: this much, however, was told me, that the marriage with Mr. Musters was a most unhappy one, and we will therefore content ourselves by saying, that after a long period of deep mental suffering, she died in February, 1832.

On leaving Annesley, I next reached the rural village of Hucknall, where stands the well-known church of Hucknall Torkard, the last resting-place of the Byron family; and where repose the ashes of the poet, marked only by a neat marble slab, bearing the following inscription:

' In the vault beneath,
 Where many of his ancestors and his mother
 Are buried, lie the remains of
 GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
 LORD BYRON OF ROCHDALE,
 In the County of Lancaster.
 The author of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.'
 He was born in London 22 January, 1788.
 He died at Missolonghi in Western Greece,
 On the 19 April, 1824,
 Engaged in the glorious attempt to
 Restore that Country to her ancient freedom and renown.
 His Sister, the Hon. AUGUSTA MARY LEIGH,
 Placed this Tablet to his Memory.'

This last home of the poet is much frequented particularly by Americans; and the album kept for visitors bears evidence of the heartfelt emotions of many a pilgrim to his tomb. In the book for January, 1832, I noticed the names of Washington Irving, Martin Van Buren, and John Van Buren.

The day of my visit was most gloomy: thick clouds hung in the heavens, and a mournful sighing stole from the trees. The little church, more than fifteen hundred years old, stands at the top of the village, and upon my applying to the sexton, I soon obtained admission. He was buried upon the sixteenth of July, 1824, and on Friday the third of December, 1852, just twenty-five years afterward, the remains of his daughter Ada rested by his side. She died, as did her father, in the thirty-seventh year of her age.

Upon my inquiring of the sexton if it was possible for me to see the interior of the vault, I found out that by an additional fee he had a method of gratifying my wishes. A piece of the stone of the vault had given way, leaving an opening, through which I could distinctly see into the interior. The piece of stone had been carefully replaced, but could at the pleasure of the sexton be removed.

The coffins of the poet and his daughter were by me plainly seen; the one divested by time of all the trappings and gew-gaws of state, the coronet crumbled to nothingness, the velvet of the coffin hanging in shreds, and tattered remnants from the worm-eaten shell; and the other—the daughter's—covered with rich puce silk-velvet, the handles and other ornaments being of frosted silver. Upon the upper panel were two raised shields, on one of which was emblazoned the family crest; on the other shield there was the following inscription:

‘THE RIGHT HONORABLE AUGUSTA ADA,
Wife of WILLIAM EARL OF LOVELACE,
And only daughter of GEORGE GORDON NOEL—LORD BYRON.
Born Dec. 10, 1815.
Died Nov. 27, 1852.’

The coronet glistened and sparkled again as the bright light of the little candle for a while illumined the sepulchre. At the head of Byron's coffin was a square box, in which are deposited his heart and brains; and I thought as I looked for the last time at the two coffins of the prophetic line:

‘ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart:’

and the terrible conception of his poem entitled ‘Darkness’ came vividly to me. Here then rest the remains of the author of ‘Childe Harold.’

Dr. Millengen, the surgeon to Lord Byron, thus described the appearance of the body after death:

‘Before we proceeded to embalm the body, we could not refrain from pausing in silent contemplation on the lifeless clay of one who but a few days before was the hope of a whole nation and the admiration of the civilized world. After consecrating a few moments to the

feelings such a spectacle naturally inspired, we could not but admire the perfect symmetry of his body.

Nothing could surpass the beauty of the forehead, its height was extraordinary, and the protuberances under which the nobler intellectual faculties are supposed to reside were strongly pronounced. His hair, which curled naturally, was quite gray; the mustachios light colored. His physiognomy had suffered little alteration, and still preserved the sarcastic, haughty expression which habitually characterized it. The chest was broad and high-vaulted, the waist very small. The only blemish of his body, which might otherwise have vied with that of Apollo himself, was the congenital malconformation of his left foot and leg.'

I think I cannot better close this hasty sketch than by offering to you the following magnificent tribute to his memory by Sir Walter Scott:

'Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant, whose ideas went not beyond his daily task.

'The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced, and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes, but now is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not we fear in one generation, which among many highly-gifted persons, has produced none which approached to Lord Byron in originality, the first attribute of genius.

'Only thirty-six years old — so much already done for immortality, so much time remaining, as it seemed to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition — who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path; such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and bewilder?

'One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it forever. The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart, for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense, nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue.

'No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for

the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, provided he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles.' Thus spoke the author of 'Waverley' of his brother poet.

He died, but left a name to be lisped by future generations, when Time has gathered the present to its forefathers; and material upon which the future philosopher, historian, poet, and student will dwell with rapture.

To his memory monuments may be built, but they are unnecessary; he erected his own — more durable than brass or marble. It may be seen in the palace, upon the plains of India, upon the shores of the Adriatic, of whose glories he had sung in such exalted strains only six years previous to his death; it stands in every city, town, and hamlet throughout the civilized world, and it will last to the end of time: that monument is — his **WORKS!**

A S C E N E I N R O M E .

THE voiceful crowd — the city's busy life,
Once more with Sleep's returning boon is blest,
And silence mocks the Forum's fretful strife.
Now Night, like dusky Indian mother's breast,
Pillows the world, her slumbering child, to rest.
Grief-killing hour! how many a fretful care
In its own native nothingness is dressed!
Sleep, the true satire on the life we wear,
Writing all a mind's weals and woes in viewless air!

The day-light's kiss still warms the soft wind's sigh,
Although the moon has reached her pausing height,
And spreads a pensive stillness o'er the sky —
Clear e'en to-day — that blue of southern night,
In which lone stars most love to throb their light.
Such mid-night, as with dream of sun-beams fraught,
Sublimes our nature, and makes strong our sight;
Until the soul, with its own joy o'er-wrought, *
Swoons in a **MAKER's** works, and faints with wordless thought.

Below the ruins of an Empire's pride
Make proud the dust with Cæsared glory wed;
Rome cannot bury Rome, though time may hide
Her broken temples in a vulgar bed.
Still you may trace the arch triumphant spread;
Still many a column stands, like sculptured sigh,
To mourn the altar of a faith that's dead;
Something immortal yet seems hovering nigh,
For Gods will look divine, though passed into a lie.

CÆLEBS' LAMENT.

I.

Ah me! ah me! I am lonely;
 With sorrow my bosom is tossed;
 In the hands of the sable laundress
 My shirt all its buttons has lost.

II.

With grief is my spirit bowed down;
 With grief that cannot be repressed;
 'Tis Saturday night, and the tailor
 Has n't finished my new satin vest.

III.

My cheek is moistened with tear-drops,
 My heart heavy-laden and sad;
 My coat is decidedly seedy,
 And my 'castor' is shockingly bad.

IV.

While my neighbors are joyful around me,
 In silence and sadness I mourn;
 There are holes in both ends of my stockings,
 And my trowsers are hopelessly torn.

V.

But by far the most harrowing grief,
 The bane of my comfortless life,
 The most unendurable want,
 Is the want, ah! the want of a wife.

VI.

A wife to enliven my home,
 To lighten my load of care;
 To button my shirt at the top,
 And to keep my old clothes in repair.

VII.

But alas! 'tis fruitless to wish;
 No children will e'er call me 'Pa;'
 I never was handsome at best,
 And now I'm too old by far.

VIII.

Alone must I travel life's journey,
 To Fate's stern decree I must bend;
 Till death must I darn my own stockings,
 And my own inexpressibles mend.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

LEONILDA: A ROMANCE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By FELIX MELDRED. London: JOHN MITCHEL.

UNDER the *nom de plume* of 'FELIX MELDRED' we have here a graceful and delicate poem from the versatile pen of W. NOYCE BROWNE, better known as the 'Paris correspondent of the *London Post*.' The writer has some suggestions in his preface, which if not strictly novel, are well expressed, and might be commended with great propriety to the careful consideration of some of the descriptive poets who fill a much wider space in the temple of Fame than is claimed by the modest author of this beautiful poem. He says: 'One day whilst strolling in a beautiful garden near Rome, I thought I might produce pictures with words. 'Why,' said I, 'should not a man deliberately sit down before an object and endeavor to give the tone, form, and sentiment of that object as well with the parts of speech as with the parts of color?' Thus I went on speculating and thinking I had made a discovery, as if there were no such thing as poetry in the world!' . . . 'I was determined to try if there was nothing to be got out of word-painting direct from nature. I began with the stump of a tree, a window, a vase; just as people do when they begin to learn drawing. I found there was much beauty in objects which poets in their pride had neglected; refused to write about or think about.' . . . 'I soon ascertained beyond form and color, objects suggested reflection; then I found my sketches after a time accompanied by thoughts which grew out of things.' . . . 'I fell into a melody of words as unconsciously as winds become musical when they play about a stringed instrument.'

If a poet can be 'made,' we like the process suggested, and commend it to those who *will* write.

The story of this poem is simple, but involves opportunity for much display of poetic power. MARCO, a priest, loves and elopes with a young Italian girl. His religious vows prevent the solemnization of his marriage. The offspring of this love is 'LEONILDA,' the heroine of the poem. LEONILDA grows a beautiful woman, and loves OSCARO, but she is at the same time beloved by Cardinal VOLPO. There is a prophecy concerning VOLPO, that if in his sixtieth year he can win the love of a certain maiden, he shall be supreme Pontiff. He plots against the life of the Pope. He does murders OSCARO. LEONILDA goes to meet her lover

OSCARO to marry him. She finds him murdered by the hand of VOLPO. In her rage she vows to destroy the murderer of her lover. She throws herself in his way. She feigns to reciprocate his love. In his confidence, and to obtain her aid, he reveals his plot against the Pope. LEONILDA meets the Pope and divulges the secret machinations of her pseudo lover. The Pope imprisons VOLPO, and LEONILDA and her mother leave Italy to join her father, who had become Lutheran and now marries the mother of his child.

There are many lines of exquisite description scattered through this graceful poem; showing that the author has studied nature, and practised his theory of word-painting with deserved success. We have room at this time, however, for but a single passage:

‘An awful silence wrought upon the brain,
And tongues grew thirsty with the fear of thirst,
And limbs ached with that wearying prison-pain
Contracted space creates. Some men rehearsed
How they could die; some hearts their fondness nursed;
Some thoughts went home, paused, and loved, and wept.
Still Nature’s trance endured! At length a first
Faint breath athwart the oily waters crept;
The answering sails flapped life, and on the good ship swept.’

TYLNEY HALL. By THOMAS HOOD. In one Volume, Duodecimo: pp. 479. Boston: J. E. TILTON AND COMPANY.

TYLNEY HALL is not a new book; but it will be welcomed as heartily by a large class of readers as if it were a newly-discovered work in manuscript by the departed and lamented author. We read it for the first time several years ago; and as MEMORY is a good critic, it is something greatly in favor of the work to say, that in glancing over its pages, all its incidents and characters come back as forcibly upon us as if we had met them to-day for the first time. We think that in the opening chapters, Hood’s propensity for punning is somewhat too apparent to please the general reader: but he could no more help it than he could help breathing. As WASHINGTON IRVING said of the multifarious knowledge of Dr. COGSWELL, Chief-Librarian of the Astor Library, puns ‘seemed to drip from him, like whiskey from an illicit Highland still.’ When the narrative proper commences, however, we have less of this; and the interest of the story flows on uninterruptedly to the end. ‘Tylney Hall,’ when it first appeared, was reviewed at length in these pages: we shall content ourselves at present, therefore, by calling the attention of our readers to this new edition, which is a very handsome one, reflecting credit upon the publishers. ‘Tylney Hall’ was written when Hood’s genius was at its full maturity. The characters, remarks an able critic, are admirably depicted. For example, how marked the contrast between the brothers TYRREL, and again how decidedly both are the moral antipodes of their cousin WALTER. Mr. RIVERS, the kind-hearted justice who used to steel his heart to harsh legalities by contemplating a painting of the Judgment of BRUTUS; Sir WALTER TYRREL, like NIMROD in his hunting predilections, and charming GRACE RIVERS, are distinct individualities. INDIANA, the Creole,

is rather in the melo-dramatic and MEG MERRILIES strain, but some fine touches of nature show her human, and even womanly. The TWIGGS family, who give the burlesque of the story, are executed in Hood's own 'Comic Annual' vein, and their *fête champêtre*, with its pretension and its failure, is irresistibly amusing. But the original character of the novel is Unlucky Joe, the post-boy, pursued from his birth by misfortune, as by a resistless and implacable Fate, such as Greek tragedy loves to present; and all, in the victim's own opinion, because he was born on a Friday. This character is well sustained, and though the tendency to exaggerate must have been great, is never once overdrawn. The volume is 'replete with Hood.' You see him reflected in his unmistakable characteristics on almost every page of the book. Look at this little 'bit' for example: 'In the weather-column of MOORE'S Almanac for the year of our Lord 17—, and exactly opposite to the date of Friday, the nineteenth of November, a state of atmosphere was predicted unusually genial and serene. Accordingly (!) on the morning of the nineteenth, the wind began to blow with a violence unparalleled for half a century, accompanied by occasional showers of hail-stones, of a magnitude so unexampled, that several natural philosophers took the pains of measuring and publishing their dimensions!' What a satire upon 'carefully-guarded weather-predictions!' It is, however, in Hood's individual sketches that he most excels. 'He was a *painter*,' said an eminent artist the other day, in our hearing, 'if ever there was one.' Here is a little 'study' from his brush: a drawing of the little 'walking dispensary,' or medicine-boy, of 'Dr. BELLAMY,' himself an admirably-drawn character:

'Doctor's boys, like chimney-sweeps, universally run very small, and Old FORMALITY'S urchin really looked as stunted as if his board as well as his wages had been derived from his master's shop. Perched at a door in charge of the old-fashioned covered chaise, he looked actually like a periwinkle shrivelled in its shell. He had two little dark, bolus-looking eyes, set squintingly in a long, pale, old face, in the middle of which stood a nose, originally a pug, but made seemingly still pugger by its habitual turn-up at the nauseous freight that he commonly carried. His mouth had an appropriate screw-up of its own, as if hinting that he considered his place was to take out medicine, and not to take it in; while a chin of disproportionate length rested on a couple of linen dog-ears, which he called a collar. As for his livery, it was of a very decided blue, turned up with quite as decided a red, matching exactly the very colors of the two glass globes which by night glared over the doctor's door; for as yet the chemists had not compounded those delicate tints, which in our days emulate the fashionable Parisian hues of eau de Nil, terre d'Egypte, and flammies d'enfer. Small as the imp was, however, his predecessor must have been smaller, for his clothes did not fit; his sleeves hung as distant from his sides as if he held an imaginary quatern loaf under each arm, and his knee-breeches buttoned above his knee, his gaiters were an inch too short, and his shoes were as much too long, but were kept on by a liberal allowance of supplementary tow thrust into each extremity. Nothing else was big enough for him save his hat, which he kept from extinguishing his eyes by wearing his pocket-handkerchief and two sheets of brown paper in the crown, as well as letting it rest on the collar of his coat behind, a collision which had given a truly clerical turn to the back of the brim. Gloves he had none, though, as far as appearance went, he scarcely needed them, his hands looking always too red or too blue to be taken for the natural skin.'

For similar daguerreotypes of hero and heroine; of TWIGGS, and TIBBIE, and Mrs. TWIGGS, and TWIGGS, Junior, and for the story of the novel in its entirety, we must refer both old and new readers to the new edition of this the most continuous and the longest of all the works from the pen of its author.

A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL.D. In one Volume Quarto: pp. 1854. Boston: HICKLING, SWAN AND BREWER.

AFTER an examination such as we have seldom bestowed upon a mere collection of *words*, we feel bound to pronounce this one of the best dictionaries we have ever encountered. WEBSTER'S Dictionary is a marvel of learning and research; but his clipped spelling of many words in common use must repel many from using his work; certainly as a *standard* work. Some of these words are almost YELLOWPLUSH-ish in their orthography: 'Sometimes I git kisis, sometimes kix:' Mr. WEBSTER might adopt this, were he living, in relation to the treatment which his great work receives at the hands of the critics; extravagant praise and extravagant blame being visited upon it in about equal proportions. But we like WORCESTER'S Dictionary the best, for many reasons; and we fully concur with the *North-American Review*, for the April quarter, in its commendations of the work: 'It fully justifies the years for which it has been promised and expected, and the manifold labor employed in its preparation. In all the essentials of a dictionary, it can safely challenge rigid examination, or any comparison to which it may be subjected.' The reviewer adds:

'We prize this Dictionary beyond all others, because it is the latest, and thus contains the newly-coined and adopted words of a language which is constantly receiving numerous accessions from other tongues, and from various sciences and arts; because it is also full—complete, for aught we can say to the contrary—in the department of antique, obsolete, and rarely used words, as to which we are often in need of a thorough vocabulary; because it includes a larger number of technical terms, semi-naturalized words, and semi-proper names, (if we may be permitted this addition to the nomenclature of grammar,) than any other similar work; and because the classes of definitions which it required specific knowledge to furnish and specific skill to frame bear uniform and luculent traces of much knowledge and skill. Under this last head we confess our sense of indebtedness to the wood-cuts which are judiciously employed under various titles in science, art, and natural history, and of the use of which in a work of the kind Mr. WORCESTER, we believe, may claim the honor of invention, though he was anticipated in that of publication. As regards orthography, it is enough to say that Mr. WORCESTER spells words as they are written and printed by the almost universal usage of England and America. Orthography is a matter of fact, not of taste; and a dictionary virtually promises to describe, not the author's idea of what a language ought to be, but its actual condition as to spelling, pronunciation, and meaning. Teachers and educational functionaries who impose upon children and youth under their charge an orthography at variance with the almost universal custom of literary men and cultivated society, would do well to consider whether their whim may not cost their pupils too dear in the mortification, embarrassment, and ridicule to which it will expose them.'

We perceive, by published letters from official quarters, that this dictionary has been adopted as a *National Standard* for the executive printing, the debates in Congress, and the official records of the Senate and House of Representatives. It is gratifying to know, also, that it has received a cordial welcome from the philologists of England. The venerable CHARLES RICHARDSON, now in his eighty-sixth year, the author of RICHARDSON'S Dictionary, has written to Dr. WORCESTER a congratulatory letter upon the success of his work. B. H. SMART, the author of a Practical Grammar of English Pronunciation, who has devoted a long life to philological researches, and whose pronouncing dictionary is a standard authority, also gives warm praise to a rival work from this side of the Atlantic. The Rev. RICHARD C. TRENCH, also well known for his philological researches,

and Mr. HERBERT COLERIDGE, the Secretary of the Philological Society of London, have both expressed themselves in high terms of commendation of Dr. WORCESTER's labors. Beside these, the distinguished author of the Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language, the Rev. Dr. BOSWORTH, of CHRIST Church, Oxford, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon in that University, has written a critical letter to Dr. WORCESTER, in which he praises both the matter and the manner of the book.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and 'ADAM BEDE.' In one Volume: pp. 464. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IN two successive early morning trips to town, oblivious of all the stir and bustle around us, we accomplished the perusal of this truly excellent and interesting book. The author of 'ADAM BEDE' has little necessity to be commended to the public; yet we are of opinion that 'The Mill on the Floss' will enhance his already enviable reputation. There is one thing especially note-worthy in his writings: his characters are *natural*: they speak and act like human beings; and though they are various in kind, they are in every instance most artistically discriminated. We shall give no detailed sketch of the story, as the work will doubtless be in the hands of a large portion of our readers before these pages come before them: but we do not hesitate to commend it to a wide perusal, as one of the very best novels of the season. Simply as an example of the easy, flowing, colloquial style of the author, we submit the subjoined pen-and-ink picture of a querulous, fault-finding, never-satisfied female, in the house of a married sister, at which she has just arrived, hungry enough, it would seem, but too early for dinner:

'I DO N'T know what ails sister PULLET,' she continued. 'It used to be the way in our family for one to be as early as another—I'm sure it was so in my poor father's time—and not for one sister to sit half an hour before the others came. But if the ways o' the family are altered, it sha'n't be *my* fault; I'll never be the one to come into a house when all the rest are going away. I wonder *at* sister DEANE; she used to be more like me. But if you'll take my advice, BESSY, you'll put the dinner forrard a bit, sooner than put it back, because folks are late as ought to ha' known better.'

'Oh! dear, there's no fear but what they'll be all here in time, sister,' said Mrs. TULLIVER, in her mild-peevish tone. 'The dinner won't be ready till half-past one. But if it's long for you to wait, let me fetch you a cheese-cake and a glass o' wine.'

'Well, BESSY!' said Mrs. GLEGG, with a bitter smile, and a scarcely perceptible toss of her head, 'I should ha' thought you'd know your own sister better. I never *did* eat between meals, and I'm not going to begin. Not but what I hate that nonsense of having your dinner at half-past one, when you might have it at one. You was never brought up in that way, BESSY.'

'Why, JANE, what can I do? Mr. TULLIVER does n't like his dinner before two o'clock, but I put it half an hour earlier because o' you.'

'Yes, yes, I know how it is wi' husbands—they're for putting every thing off—they'll put the dinner off till after tea, if they've got wives as are weak enough to give in to such work; but it's a pity for you BESSY, as you have n't got more strength o' mind. It'll be well if your children do n't suffer for it. And I hope you've not gone and got a great dinner for us; going to expense for your sisters as 'ud sooner eat a crust o' dry bread nor help to ruin you with extravagance. I wonder you do n't take pattern by your sister DEANE—she's far more sensible. And here you've got two children to provide for, and your husband's spent your fortin i' going to law, and 's like to spend his own too. A boiled joint, as you could make broth of for the kitchen,' Mrs. GLEGG added, in a tone of emphatic protest, 'and a plain pudding, with a spoonful o' sugar and no spice, 'ud be far more becoming.'

'With sister GLEGG in this humor, there was a cheerful prospect for the day. Mrs. TULLIVER never went the length of a quarrelling with her, any more than a water-fowl that puts out its leg in a deprecating manner can be said to quarrel with a boy who throws stones. But this point of the dinner was a tender one, and not at all new, so that Mrs. TULLIVER could make the same answer she had often made before.

'Mr. TULLIVER says he always *will* have a good dinner for his friends while he can pay for it,' she said, 'and he's a right to do as he likes in his own house, sister.'

'Well, BESSY, I can't leave your children enough out of my savings to keep 'em from ruin. And you mustn't look to having any o' Mr. GLEGG's money, for it's well if I do n't go first—he comes of a long-lived family; and if he was to die and leave me well for my life, he'd tie all the money up to go back to his own kin.'

'Sister PULLET' (and a pretty 'Pullet' she is) finally arrives, in a 'one-horse chay,' accompanied by her husband, who seems very far from being 'cock of the walk.' She is 'like NIOBE, all tears,' as she is assisted from the vehicle; but is very careful, nevertheless, not to disarrange her personal wardrobe:

'THERE was a farther shake of the head as Mrs. PULLET slowly rose and got down from the chaise, not without casting a glance at Mr. PULLET to see that he was guarding her handsome silk dress from injury. Mr. PULLET was a small man with a high nose, small twinkling eyes, and thin lips, in a fresh-looking suit of black, and a white cravat, that seemed to have been tied very tight on some higher principle than that of personal ease. He bore about the same relation to his tall, good-looking wife, with her balloon sleeves, abundant mantle, and large be-feathered and be-ribboned bonnet, as a small fishing-smack bears to a brig with all its sails spread.

It is a pathetic sight and a striking example of the complexity introduced into the emotions by a high state of civilization—the sight of a fashionably-dressed female in grief. From the sorrow of a Hottentot to that of a woman in large buckram sleeves, with several bracelets on each arm, an architectural bonnet, and delicate ribbon-strings—what a long series of gradations! In the enlightened child of civilization the abandonment characteristic of grief is checked and varied in the subtlest manner, so as to present an interesting problem to the analytic mind. If, with a crushed heart and eyes half-blinded by the mist of tears, she were to walk with a too devious step through a door-place, she might crush her buckram sleeves too, and the deep consciousness of this possibility produces a composition of forces by which she takes a line that just clears the door-post. Perceiving that the tears are hurrying fast, she unpins her strings and throws them languidly backward—a touching gesture, indicative, even in the deepest gloom, of the hope in future dry moments when cap-strings will once more have a charm. As the tears subside a little, and with her head leaning backward at the angle that will not injure her bonnet, she endures that terrible moment when grief, which has made all things else a weariness, has itself become weary; she looks down pensively at her bracelets, and adjusts their clasps with that pretty studied fortuity which would be gratifying to her mind if it were once more in a calm and healthy state.'

We think we should have liked to see 'Sister PULLET' in a '*Maison de Deuil*,' or 'Mourning Store,' selecting her apparel, appropriate to the memory of the 'dear departed,' for whom she had 'come to grief;' an old lady who finally died of the dropsy, after having been 'tapped no end of times:' an old lady 'as had doubled her money over and over again, and kept it all in her own management to the last, and had her pocket with the keys in under her pillow constant.' At this time 'Sister PULLET' would have made all her purchases in the 'Poignant-Grief Department' of the mourning-store; for she was not then aware that the 'old 'oman had left no legacies to speak on—but left her money all in a lump, to her husband's navy.' Thereafter, most probably, she would have made her selection from the 'Mitigated Affliction Department,' particularly if the 'styles' were new and satisfactory. Space fails us for farther quotation, or we should be glad to make the reader acquainted with other characters of the book, upon whom the main narrative-interest concentrates. When the reader shall hear of 'MAGGIE,' and 'STEPHEN,' and 'Aunt GRITTY,' from the volume itself, he will be made aware of what we should have commended to his attention and admiration.

STORIES OF INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. : pp. 474, 12mo. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS.

It is pleasant at this day to read of the times when the highest force of steam was expended in raising the lid of a tea-kettle, when printers were denounced as magicians, when illuminating gas was not, balloons had not risen, diving-bells not sunk. Content with our present civilization, we give little heed to the steps by which it was reached, and scarce ever think of the discoverers whose toil and sacrifices have won for us so many material comforts. This book will help us to correct that error. It contains short articles, upon the discoverers of almost every age, written in a pleasant style, and finely illustrated. It is valuable for reference, and will prove attractive even to the young.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. In Twenty-seven Illustrated Volumes. Philadelphia T. B. PETERSON, Number 102, Chestnut-street, Philadelphia.

If any evidence were wanting of the popularity of CHARLES DICKENS' writings in this country, it certainly can be found in the fact, that one enterprising and liberal publisher — '*alone he did it*' — has issued *ten different editions of his works*; all well deserving the patronage of the public; and the announcement of this simple business-fact will show, that they have abundantly *received* such patronage. Mr. PETERSON certainly deserves great credit, for publishing, in various forms, all handsome, readable, in convenient sizes, and on clear, legible types, such editions of DICKENS' writings, at such '*sliding-scale*' prices, as to place them easily in the hands of the whole reading community who may desire to peruse them. It was our intention to have accompanied the present notice with sundry reminiscences of Mr. DICKENS, while in this country; but we found the theme so growing upon our hands, and so replete with what to us seemed '*interest*,' that we thought it best to impose its perusal upon our readers in a future '*Editor's Table*,' separate and by itself. We believe we were the first correspondent Mr. DICKENS had in America; and we certainly saw as much of him while in this country '*as the second man*.' But after he went home, and wrote '*Chuzzlewit*' and his '*Notes on America*' — '*Never mind, now:*' we are forgetting the matter at present in hand.

He who has not read DICKENS complete, has a great treat yet in store, and he who neglects its enjoyment from any scruples concerning light literature being waste of time in perusal, can form no idea of the high moral tone of his works, and the great social reforms he has attempted by their powerful agency. Mr. PETERSON has placed within the reach of every prudent family a source of entertainment of the most interesting character, and almost inexhaustible, in the repeated perusal which such productions will bear. We are glad to learn that this enterprise has met with the success that it deserves, and it is with pleasure

that we commend it to farther esteem as a work perfected for the convenience of the American people. In this matter we have the advantage of the English people. Such an edition as this of PETERSON'S, and at the same price, would be hailed with acclamation in Great Britain, and thousands upon thousands of copies would be demanded. And in all probability, as the enterprise of Mr. PETERSON becomes better known and appreciated throughout the Union, he will find himself kept as busy as he now is for a long time to come in supplying the demand.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the April Quarter. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE, AND COMPANY. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

We never take up a number of this old and permanent Review, without a feeling of gratitude that it remains as a representative and exponent of the growing literature of our country. We know that it represents us most favorably abroad; and we are glad to hear also that it is more and more appreciated in our own country. It ought to have a hundred thousand subscribers. The articles proper in the present issue are twelve in number, and are upon the following works: 'Memoirs of WILLIAM BECKFORD;' 'The Ways and Means of Payment, an Analysis of the Credit System;' 'ANNE WHITNEY'S Poems;' 'The Letters and Times of BASIL OF Cesarea;' 'NICHOLS' Hours with the Evangelists;' 'The Law of Divorce;' 'United States Coast Survey;' 'The Life of JOHN COLLINS WARREN;' 'DARWIN on the Origin of Species;' 'Recent French Literature;' 'ISAAC DISRAELI: Curiosities of Literature;' 'Woman's Rights as to Labor and Property;' together with the usual supply of brief 'Critical Notices.' From the article upon BECKFORD, one of the most interesting and instructive in the number, we make the subjoined extract, for which we are sure our readers will heartily thank us:

'BECKFORD returned from his second Peninsular visit in 1796, at the age of thirty-six years. Sixteen years of his life had passed in almost constant residence abroad, and he now determined to stay at home. His foreign experience had confirmed his taste for splendor, and his immense wealth pampered his intense selfishness. His father's house at Fonthill was one of the finest of its day in the kingdom; but it did not satisfy the son, and he resolved that his new creation should have no rival. The old house did not interfere with the new, being on a different site; but no thought of disposing of it seems to have entered his mind, and, princely as it was, he proceeded to demolish it; first the wings, of two stories, and then the centre, of four. Thus what had cost more than half a million of dollars was recklessly destroyed for a mere whim. BECKFORD maintained a large household, and a physician, a musical performer, and the Abbé MAQUIN, topographer, artist, literary character, and adept in heraldry, were permanently attached to his establishment. One of his first operations was to build a wall around his domain, seven miles in extent, and twelve feet high. He said that it was to keep off trespassers on his game; but it had the effect of keeping the general public at a distance, which no doubt was nearer his desire. When he pulled down the old house, he proceeded to alter the grounds about it. There was an artificial lake near it, its banks ornamented with rocks, caverns and grottos. This was all changed, and in due time sheep ran wild where the mansion had stood. No amount of money was spared to gratify any extravagance. BECKFORD would still have maintained the bulk of his fortune unimpaired, in spite of losses in Jamaica, had he not so senselessly broken in upon his capital. Hundreds of workmen were employed day and night upon the abbey, as it was styled; and it is said that the laborers were induced by larger pay to desert the royal works at Windsor, although the fact is not stated in these Memoirs. If true, it was probably on the occasion

of Lord NELSON's visit in 1800, when, in order to complete a certain part of the pile, he set five hundred men at work, a portion of them laboring at night by torchlight. He had known Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON and his first wife intimately in Naples; and now that his second wife had become so scandalously connected with NELSON, she and her husband were included as guests at his splendid fête. Old Fonthill was still in existence, and the visitors with a brilliant company were entertained there for three days in such style as excited their wonder. The crowning glory of the entertainment was reserved for a night-scene, when the abbey, as far as it was completed, was fitted up in monastic style, and a fête was held in it such as might have been seen in Sicily, the buildings and plantations being illuminated by myriads of lamps, torches and fires.

'About six months after this time the abbey was so far advanced that its master decided to occupy it, and accordingly he left his father's mansion, sold off its magnificent effects, and proceeded soon afterward to demolish it. Although this place never excited a tithe of the curiosity which the abbey did afterward, it attracted vast numbers at the sale, and people wondered equally at the wealth and the folly of one who could deliberately destroy what had cost such vast sums, and in point of true taste probably far excelled its successor. The building was not only a palace in size and appointments, but the grounds were of the highest elegance, planted with every American, European, and Asiatic tree and shrub that could be procured, and enlivened with sheets of water, the haunt of aquatic birds. All was sacrificed to the whim of 'VATHEK.' We should perhaps hardly prolong this article by an account of the abbey, but for the fact that it avenged the Vandalism that attended its erection by crippling the owner, and that its celebrity is now only historic; for after passing from BECKFORD to Mr. FARQUHAR, a wealthy miser, in whose hands the great central tower, its distinctive feature, fell, it passed again out of aristocratic keeping to Mr. MORISON, a tradesman, who died in 1858, leaving twenty millions of dollars, thus ending about where BECKFORD began. There was no story, however extravagant, that was not believed of the famous abbey when building. A writer in one of the leading London papers said that the ascent of the central tower would be so wide and easy, that a coach and six could be driven to the top and back again without difficulty. The gaping public were content to swallow these marvellous figments; for they could obtain no sight of the pile.

'The building was in the form of a cross, the arms of which were nearly of the same length, although differing in breadth. The exterior measurement was two hundred and seventy feet from east to west, and from north to south three hundred and twelve. In the axis of the cross rose the central octagon tower, to the vast height of two hundred and seventy-six feet. The interior was divided into numberless halls, stair-cases, galleries, saloons, libraries, oratories, drawing-rooms, and cabinets. Every thing like convenience was sacrificed to grand effect, to long perspective aisles and arches. One octagonal room, formed by the great tower, was thirty-five feet only in diameter, and one hundred and twenty-eight feet high. In the huge fabric there were but seventeen bedrooms, thirteen of which were at a most distressing height; and the whole far better merited the satire of POPE on Blenheim, than the sumptuous palace of MARLBOROUGH:

'T is very fine;
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 't is a house, but not a dwelling.'

'Part of the interior of the eastern wing was never finished, but all the rest was completed. The most splendid effect was secured, not only by architecture of gigantic proportion, but also by vast mirrors multiplying aisles and galleries, by a profusion of stained glass and heraldic decorations, by the richest velvet draperies and hangings of various colors, and by a collection of furniture, pictures, books, antiques, Greek, Roman, and Etruscan, and dazzling articles of *virtu* of CELLINI's time, in apparently exhaustless profusion. A mere catalogue of these costly toys would bewilder the reader. The amount spent upon them was almost fabulous, and when they were dispersed in 1823, their sale under the hammer occupied forty-one days. BECKFORD stated that the abbey alone cost him nearly a million and a half of dollars. Its interior decoration must have cost twice as much, without estimating any thing for the grounds, while we know that millions of dollars were spent upon the plantations. In his impatience, which could brook no delay, parts of the abbey were so ill-constructed that the work was necessarily renewed.* Thus his great tower was three times rebuilt, and fell at last. It is said that he was swindled enormously by builders and agents, as any man with sublime contempt for economy is likely to be.

'In his palace of pleasures BECKFORD lived for more than twenty years, sixteen of

* Once the tower fell from the effect of a large flag hoisted on the top of it, which exerted in a high wind such leverage as to topple it over. When informed of the mishap, BECKFORD, merely regretting that he had not seen it fall, gave an immediate order for the construction of another.

which were passed in almost entire seclusion. He entertained nobody, had very few friends or visitors, and in great part made associates of his topographer, musician, and others of his household. Still, these were mere subordinates, and even his own daughters do not seem to have passed much time with him.* Something out of the common course of events must have contributed to his withdrawal from the world, and we have heard of circumstances not even alluded to in these Memoirs to account for it. BECKFORD had an ugly dwarf as servant, and the story goes that he was accused of improper practices with him. He prosecuted an editor who mentioned it, for libel, and recovered damages. It was doubtless foul slander; but such an accusation might naturally tell powerfully against one so shy and haughty as he, and from his command of money and mental resources little dependent on society. His biographer only says that he survived the vilest detraction, referring doubtless to this calumny. Recluse as he was, BECKFORD was neither idle nor unhappy. His knowledge of French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and Persian, secured to him the literary charms of those languages; he was an omnivorous reader and book-collector, and a thorough musician; his taste for art was elaborately cultivated, while his passionate love of nature and acquaintance with botany afforded him constant recreation abroad. The magnificent gardens and groves covered nearly two thousand acres within the wall, while beyond it were three thousand more. When he gave an order, or wished an alteration made, it was obeyed as if by VATHK's magic power. At night scores of laborers were set to work, those of the adjacent village being sometimes wanted, and by the next morning, when the caliph walked out, the transformation was complete. Although he lived for himself, his expenses were immense; and in 1822, when he decided to sell Fonthill, he stated that he could not live there for less than thirty thousand pounds a year.

By that time his colossal fortune had become seriously impaired. His palace, reared upon a barren mountain, which by plantations became a paradise, cost, as we have seen, prodigious sums; the managers of his West-Indian property doubtless cheated him; the estates themselves in view of emancipation, declined in value, while some were totally lost in law-suits. Even as far back as 1801, one of the Jamaica estates which had been sixty years in the family, and had produced twelve thousand pounds per annum, was taken from him for want of title by a decree of chancery, and, as chancery proceedings in those days were proverbially costly, he sunk thousands more in defending his claim. From one cause or another, the principal one his unbridled extravagance, he found in 1823, when sixty-four years of age, that his five million dollars of ready money had disappeared, beside which his regular annual income of five hundred thousand more was reduced to a mere fraction of what it had been. His biographer sees with a snob's eye imposing grandeur in such waste, and whines over the downfall as he would over that of a kingdom. In the whole record of prodigality we can scarce call to mind a parallel to BECKFORD's folly. He hesitated for some time whether to live in a small place on his estate, and keep his huge pile to look at, since he could not live in it, or to part with it altogether. He wisely decided to sell it, disposed of the whole estate to Mr. FARQUHAR for a large sum, removed the choicest of his paintings, books, porcelain, and *virtu* to Bath, and then the sale of his rarities commenced. The disposal of them attracted greater attention among the fashionables of the kingdom than any event of the century. The sale occupied more than six weeks, during which time every house within many miles of the abbey reaped a golden harvest by letting rooms, while thousands were eager to possess some relic of the place, and thousands more to see a palace from which they had been rigidly excluded. Then all were dazzled by the sight of its riches within and without; but for one who appreciated its real beauties of groves and gardens, hundreds were tickled by the display of tapestries, stained glass, ebony cabinets, caskets, eastern vases, marble tables, coffers, robe chests, clocks, candelabra, jewelled ornaments, onyx cups, lapis-lazuli and gold boxes, miniatures, ivory furniture, and unnumbered articles of luxury. Then many stories of his magnificence, taste, and prodigality were repeated, some true, and many more without foundation. His worshipper tells us that his table was generally plain, and we may believe that he could now and then dine simply, without insisting on 'venison outlets, each served up in a hundred-pound note, with sovereign sauce.'

After all, money may cause the female steed to propel her person along the 'pike with celerity, but it cannot always produce happiness: a specific fact, which is well exemplified in the case of our royal VATHK.

* 'The Duchess of Gordon, hoping to catch him for one of her daughters, once paid him a visit. She was splendidly entertained for a week, but her host never once allowed her to see him, and she finally left Fonthill in a rage.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER FOURTEEN. — Among the early contributors to this Magazine was CHARLES G. LELAND, of Philadelphia. He was a 'trump-card from the jump;' and made friends of his readers every where; and what is more, preserved and preserves them still. Mr. LELAND passed through an honorable collegiate career at Princeton, and graduated in the year eighteen hundred and forty-five. Immediately after taking his first degree, he embarked for Europe, and passed the flower of his youth, like a scholar of the middle age, either in wandering from one great university to another, pursuing various courses of study at his different resting-places, or in gathering that peculiar knowledge of men and things which comes only from the changing scenes of travel. Such a life must have been strictly in accordance with Mr. LELAND's tastes; and by the longing looks which he sometimes casts behind him, we should infer that he abandoned his student-life with no common regret. After some years, however, he returned to America, adopted the profession of the law, which he soon abandoned for the more genial pursuits of literature. With whatever success Mr. LELAND's career in the law might have been attended, we are of the opinion that he chose wisely; for nature designed him rather as a curious scholar, and a skilful literary teacher, than as an ordinary legal drudge. His writings, which cover a large circle of literature, from the most abstruse philosophical criticism, to the lightest essays and the most dashing poems, are of striking originality both in form and in spirit. If we were called upon to give a list of authors whose works least resemble any of the present generation, Mr. LELAND's name would certainly stand among the first. The wonderful amount and variety of his learning, and the facility with which he uses it on all occasions, and for all purposes, belong to a race of writers whose last genuine type departed with the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' This class has afforded but very few specimens. The fathers of the style were RABELAIS in France, and BURTON in England. Between their time and SOUTHEY's, a period of nigh three centuries, scarcely a name of any distinction can be mentioned. Those who won reputation in the Rabelaisan field were, at the best, but mere imitators of their great master. BURTON himself had too much of the Classic, and too little of the Gothic element in his composition, to stamp him as a true disciple; while SOUTHEY's 'Doctor,' in spite of his ostentatious display of

learning, was evidently written by one who assumed a style, for the nonce, to which he was not accustomed, and it therefore lacked that easy genialty which vivifies the works of RABELAIS, and draws the distinctive line between originality and imitation. SOUTHEY, as we all know, could and naturally did write in a widely different manner; but RABELAIS could not. His learning flowed forth as spontaneously as his exhaustless humor; it was the *sine qua non* of his style, and to deny him that, would have been to deny him a language. The latter case is also Mr. LELAND's. In his serious essays he piles authority upon authority, quotation upon quotation—from all times, and from all languages—until the reader fairly staggers under a weight of recondite arguments, tossed into his mind with an ease and a prodigal profusion that is absolutely astounding. Even in his poems and light sketches, we are struck, on close scrutiny, with the strange and unusual knowledge that shines through them, and peers from every corner, in grotesque contrast to the main design, like the purgatorial heads that startle us amid the airy graces of a Gothic building. A love-song may be founded upon a Neo-Platonic idea, or treated after the manner of the Minnisi-singer or the Troubadour. A squib at some modern superstition may be written with the simple faith of Doctor JOHN DEE; or traced back through the wild beliefs of ancient middle Germany; through the Cabala, the Talmud, the mysteries of Egypt—until it vanishes among the fragments of early Sanscrit literature. So wide a sweep of knowledge, gathered both from the study of books and the observation of travel, is possessed by no living writer of our language. It was said of one of the SCHLEGELS, that he could read any thing, from PLATO to a primer; such must be the adaptability of Mr. LELAND's mind. How a man, of his 'innumerable years,' has managed to make his brain the store-house for every system of philosophy and of art that has ever been broached; from CONFUCIUS to KANT, from the occult dreams of AGRIPPA to the dogmatic materialism of HELVETIUS; has heaped upon this an accurate acquaintance with most languages that possess a literature; and not content even here, has busied himself with the most varied and incongruous courses of reading, in rare and obscure books—is to us a matter of profound wonderment. Certain mental qualifications for such labor Mr. LELAND indeed possesses, in a perfection seldom allotted to man. An insatiable thirst for knowledge, a memory that never errs or fails, a power of enduring any amount of scholarly exertion, a subtle quickness of perception and appropriation, joined to an intellect of great logical soundness, and of strong originality in the direction of its efforts; these natural gifts form the chief means of his vast acquisitions.

Among the multifarious writings of Mr. LELAND, none have impressed us more than his criticisms. These essays are the first in the English language, that have embodied any thing like a universal system of criticism in art. This system is wider than the title implies; for under the head of art, Mr. LELAND includes all works of the imagination—whether poetry, painting, sculpture, or music—regarding them all as but different methods for expressing the same family of ideas. It may perhaps startle the reader, that we claim this to be the only philosophical system of criticism. Our claim is nevertheless just; and we defy any man to point to another, that wears the semblance of a system, adapted to all the phases

of art that ever have occurred, or that ever can occur. Without meeting these requirements, there can be no philosophy, in the highest sense of the term.

We have felt some twinge of modesty in speaking as we have of an author the bulk of whose writings have graced our pages; not because we hope to secure even a part of the honor that is due to him, but because our motives may be misunderstood. It is our opinion, however, that nothing more becomes a man than to speak well of his friends, provided he speak honestly, as we trust we have spoken. Under the quaint title of the 'Sketch-Book of Me, Meister KARL,' Mr. LELAND has produced a series of articles unlike any thing under heaven since the five books of Pantagruel. In Mr. LELAND's work, as in RABELAIS's, there is the same extraordinary display of universal learning, the same minute exactness of quotation, the same extravagant spirit of fun, the same capricious and provoking love of digression, the same upsetting of admitted ideas, by which trifles are seriously descanted upon, and bolstered up with endless authorities, until they expand into gigantic proportions, while time-honored truths are shuffled by with the most whimsical contempt. In his manner of literary treatment, Mr. LELAND certainly resembles RABELAIS; they both smother their subject under a strange compound of learning and humor, but here the resemblance ends. Mr. LELAND has a humor and a philosophy of his own, and the subjects upon which he exercises them are peculiar to himself.

'Meister Karl' starts with the reader upon an imaginary tour through Europe; but such a *voyage en zig-zag* mortal never took before. Time and space are nothing to our author. The boundaries between the real and the spiritual are completely broken down. The Rome of Pope PIUS, and the Rome of JULIUS CÆSAR, are the same thing to 'Meister KARL.' He is as much at home with gnomes and sylphs as with gentlemen and ladies. He flatters CLEOPATRA and NINON DE LENCLOS in the same breath. Now he is before the terrible *Vehmgericht* of Westphalia, and now before the *Tribunal Correctionnel* of Paris. Now he is trampling behind the returning Crusaders, or joining in the procession of the *Bœuf Gras*, or marching into Worms with LUTHER and VAN HUTTEN, or heading a LOLA MONTEZ riot in Munich. Sometimes we find him dreaming away a day in old Provence, or swinging in a gondola on the Grand Canal of Venice, or putting to sea with the furious Berserkers, or holding an ethical dialogue with the Devil, upon the summit of Strasbourg Cathedral. To give a tithe of the subjects that employ 'Meister KARL's attention would be a labor beyond our power and understanding. Intermixed with his curious scenes are innumerable dissertations, legends, songs, etc., on the most incongruous subjects, and in styles that baffle description. Quips, cranks, and puns of all kinds, and in all languages, fly around us like hail-stones, and pelt us until human endurance can go no farther. Then, in the midst of his wildest mirth, our author will sail off in a poetical rhapsody on Undines, Fays, and fresh-water spirits in general; and having gotten below the surface of things, he will burrow through the land, among elves and Kobolds, and Salamanders; and perhaps emerge again into this 'week-day world' under the very feet of some frail nymph who dwells within sound of the bells of *Notre Dame de Lorette*.

'*The Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl*,' was his first contribution to our pages: his next, '*The Observations of Mace Sloper, Esq.*' And to show what they were, we present the following passages, taken almost at random:

'I HAD often observed in the reading-room of our own and the up-town hotels a gray but fresh-looking old gentleman, who might, as far as looks went, have come from any where, or, for that matter, have gone any where, without looking particularly out of place. One evening I was sort of coincidentally introduced to him by NEPONSET PEABODY, ('Squire PEABODY that was, of Thermopylæ, now of Beaver-street.)

' 'Mister DOOLITTLE, allëaow me to introduce yëu to Mister SLOPER.'

'Mr. DOOLITTLE rose and honored me with the bow of a gentleman of the old-school.

' 'I am happy, Sir, to make your acquaintance. I have frequently, Sir, had the honor of seeing you, Sir, about the house. I have heard Mr. STETSON speak of you, Sir, as one of whom a more intimate knowledge was to be desired.'

' 'Sir,' said I, 'the pleasure as I reckon is about reciprocal.'

' 'A hotel like this, Sir,' pursued Mr. DOOLITTLE, 'affords many facilities for studying the curious and agreeable phases of human nature. Nothing, Sir, is so pleasant to me as, after my daily devotion to business, (to which I have as it were a settled aversion,) to forget the miserable toil of traffic, and recreate my fancy by looking at folks as they run round here.'

' 'Business, Sir,' says I, 'must be business. Dollars are dollars.'

' 'The almighty dollar, Sir,' is the pest and bane and venom of the country. We are becoming, Sir, a parcel of dollar-hunters, and it is with regret that I observe an increasing tendency among us, Sir, to regard without reprobation transactions which are not a great ways off from regular swindles. *Art*, Sir, should interest us. I make a point of going every day into SHERWOOD'S, merely to study the exquisite painting behind the bar. Nor should *Literature* be neglected.' Here Mr. DOOLITTLE flourished '*The Life of BARNUM*,' which he held in his hand.

' NEPONSET PEABODY had been listening to all this with a look of ghastly bewilderment. At last he broke:

' 'I say, Mister DOOLITTLE, I rather calculate nëow that yëu did n't hear this gentleman's name. MACE SLOPER, Sir! Sho'— why yëu must a' known the SLOPERS of Chippety Whonk?— grand-son of old AZARIAH SLOPER, who fit at Bunker-Hill. He an't a Yankee by birth— but he's one of *us*, you know.'

' '*We—all*,' replied Mr. DOOLITTLE, beginning the word in New-Yorker and ending it in Yankee, 'I should kinder calculate that I *did* know old AZARIAH, and the hull lot on 'em. So yëu 're MACE SLOPER, hay? Tarnal smart brother that o' yourn. I lost a thëaousand dollars once by him. It was just abëaout the most elegant chisel I ever stud. I never think on it, Sir, without admiration. Any body, Sir, who can shave as clëuse as yëu 're brother MADISON shaves, deserves all the money he can git. Wäll, he dus! How do yëu like livin' here to the Astor, Mr. SLOPER?'

' 'Pretty well,' said I, 'about middling.'

' 'I like it,' pursued Mr. DOOLITTLE, 'because it's a tip-top place to bore and drum. A Southern or Western man, Sir, when he goes skewtin' abëaout, buyin' goods in bïssness heöurs, keeps his eye-teeth skinned. But up to the hotel a'ter dinner or supper-time, he feels sorter sociable-like, and can be hooked as easy as a bull-frog with red flannel. Half the time yëu need n't say nothin' to him about goods, for his

head's full on 'em, and if yëu only lay low, he 'll begin on yëu. There are men here, Sir, who I watch, so to speak — wäll, asleep and awake tëu. A man, Mr. SLOPER, to be in business, should be nothin' *but* a business-man. Yëu just said somethin', Sir, which did yëu honor, when yëu said, 'Business must be business, and dollars air dollars!' It orter be written in letters 'er gold (if they did n't cost tëu much) in every young man's store. Talking o' business, Mr. PEABODY, what do yëu think of Yonkville?'

' 'Stocks' sorter goin' to rise, I calculate,' replied NEPONSET. 'EPH STEBBINS has sold 'em a tarnation lot of iron at half-price, and is goin' to take it in sheers. It 'll come out in the statement and make a rise.'

' 'STEBBINGS can't deliver, of course.'

' Wäll — if the stock rises *very* high, perhaps he will. Then, Mr. DEULITTLE, *we* hold on. If it do n't — why, we sell.'

' Jest what my daughter HOPEFUL sed this mornen. She come dëoun to the store and asked me to buy her all the Yonkville I could find at sixty. 'Why, HOPE,' says I, 'what on airth sets yëu to buyin' that stock?' 'Never yëu mind, father, sez she; ' *it's comin' up.*' Now how under the sun did the gal find that all 'bout?'

' 'Sho!' cried PEABODY, 'daon't yëu *see*? SOL STEBBINGS, EPH's cousin, was an old beau of HOPE's, and she got him into the secretaryship of the road. SOL writ to her, of course. Wal, Mr. DOOLITTLE, as yëu and I and EPH have got all the Yonkville we can kerry, I dao n't care if Miss HOPE *doos* git a slice. We're the only Eastern folks in it, 'less Mr. SLOPER 'll take a few — and of course any body else may be stuck and be *darned*!'

' HIRAM TWINE was a good specimen of a go-ahead yet honest Yankee. HIRAM had travelled the world over, knew every body, had an inkling of almost every thing, and never lost sight withal of *the main chance*. HIRAM was *some* on horses, *numerous* at billiards, *immense* at ten-pins, and upward of considerable among the politicians. I know that when I say that HIRAM was known to all, and beloved by many of the big-bugs at Washington, my assertion as to his honesty will be looked upon as rather shaky, or at least smoky — but it is true nevertheless. Perhaps he set off the evil effect of his political associations by an incredibly extended intimacy among clergymen of *most* denominations and ladies of *all*. Uncle EBBIN and I followed HIRAM one fine day up Broadway, and watched him as he bowed. Such a mess of salutations never before greeted any one man, unless it were the Governor, or CLARK of the KNICKERBOCKER. Among the noddors were

John Van Buren,
The Four-Cent Man,
Mrs. Van Hysensplash and daughters,
Brother Greeley of the '*Tribune*,
Mrs. Fitzsplendid Buckhorn,
St. Leger of Cuba,
Rev. Dr. Eagles,
The Editor of the Bunkum Flagstaff,
Our Cousin Frederick,
Col. Cobweb,
Sim Draper,
Our Fanny,
Brown of Grace-Church,
Carl Benson,
Baron Spolasco,
Little Jacob,
Dan Bixby,
George Law-less,

Cogswheel,
Tom Hyer,
'George',
The Lime-kiln Man,
Judge Hardshell,
Boventhien Van Spuytentyfel and family,
The Original Jacobs,
Puffer Hopkins,
Madame Killdeville,
Dr. Francis,
Col. Du Solle,
Bancroft,
Kate,
O'Connor,
N. P. Wiggles,
Burton,
Pat Hearn,
Collins,

Rev. H. Ward Speaker,
Miss Van Killen,
Rev. Rufus W. Griswold,
Sappho Basbleu,
Le Grand Smith,
La Belle Pirouette,
J. E. Cooley,
John Wheeler,

Caleb Lyon of Lyonsdale,
Grinnell,
† Bishop —,
Par Venue, Esq.,
Mrs. Beauty Belle Ermine,
Count Gurowski,
Count Tschistossersdetschijetschestnostsky,
Counsellor Slashing.

And numerous other ladies and gentlemen well known in our gay metropolis.

'HIRAM's ostensible occupation or profession seemed to consist in taking hold of any thing that turned up, though he did n't confine himself strictly to this particular line. Mysterious stock operations in London, lobbying in every legislative assembly in the country, and vast gettings-up of corporations, alternated with a little cock-fighting, a very little tiger-scratching, and *not* a little love-making, occupied a portion of his time. He was singularly well looked upon by the editorial fraternity, having been at divers times 'one of 'em' himself, and always having a quiet hand in the game somewhere as proprietor, correspondent, or the LORD knows what. HIRAM delighted in 'little dinners;' and at these assemblages which he gave about once a day on an average the year round, you seldom failed to see several gentlemen whose somewhat disordered hair, pale countenances, and noble, intellectual expression bore witness to the wearying yet elevating influence upon the system, exerted by the 'sitting up late for the mails.' Great institution, those mails!

'I shall give no personal delineation of HIRAM, for the chances are, reader, ten to one that if you've ever been *about* in the least yourself, you have seen him and 'spoked to him.' HIRAM is getting to be well known in these days; in fact, there are a great many of him — though I'm sorry to say that all are not equally commendable. From the salmon-haunted shores of California to the seal-skinned frozen wastes of Captain Nat Palmer's Land; from the Esquimaux track of Grinnell's exploring-boat to the hide-and-horny port of Valparaiso; from London to Canton, and from here to Hades, the shrewd, accomplished, gentlemanly Yankee HIRAM is 'around.' Once in a while a stray word or a quaint phrase betrays his Northern birth; and once in a while, too, a *rayther* close trade indicates a somewhat more than average perception of his own rights.'

'I admire as much of the upholstery as I can get a squint at. Every thing is expensive and bran-new, including the antique pictures and vases. Not being smart myself, I can't criticise, but I hear a man who *ought to know*, say something about 'bad taste.' I fancy Widow TWIGGLES could get a parlor up in better style for half the money. HIRAM comes along and introduces me to seven young men, all exactly alike, three clergymen who do not greatly differ, four ladies who talk in the same style on the same topics, and two old gentlemen whom I mistake for one another. I get delirious with the clatter, I mistake a gambler for a missionary, ask Mrs. TORLORY when the balloon's coming down, and have thoughts of telling a Temperance editor that he looks as solemnholly as if punch had riz. There is a *tremendous* sort of swing in the crowd, and something like a jolly funeral begins to travel out of doors. I wildly capture a bit of muslin with a girl in it, and join the ranks. The girl and I talk with neck-and-neck velocity. There is another awful jam in the ante-room; but my good angel places me near a table full of 'flush,' lemonade, wines, cakes, coffee, and ice-water. I hand the muslin with the girl in it a pint-mug of lemonade, and do twice as much for myself out of the great bowl of claret-punch. Respect for the *conveniences* of society alone prevents me from putting my head into it like a horse, and draining it dry.

'The supper is splendor above par! 'Great chance for grub!' says a youth at my left. 'Muslin' says she'll take a faint shade of terrapins. Easier said than done. Twenty-two waiters rushing round like enraged hornets. Champagne popping already. Crash—chip-bang go four dozen plates. I get hold of the ladle: some body gives me a knock, and the terrapin-eggs and soup fly up to the ceiling like a fountain. Try it again. Awful battle for a fork! Grand display of ice-cream all over my pantaloons, and brilliant effects of water-ice in my hair and sleeves! Single combat for a biscuit, each forager being armed with a 'split spoon!' Carry off the booty to the muslin. Grand tableau of the victor-knight bending low and presenting the spoils (half-spoiled) to beauty!

'Though I'm not particularly bright myself in the matter of dandyism, never having been able to bring it beyond passing pretty well in most crowds, I've always taken a very great interest in those old and young fellows who have a natural gift that way. To be a dandy, a man's got to be born so. Money won't make one, a tailor can't begin to make one. A real *dresser*—a fellow who contrives to give you the idea that his genius is all over him outside, must have outside genius; and genius, whether it strikes out or in, is *natural*, and can't be come by. The dandies, in my opinion, are a greatly abused and slandered race. I say so because I've seen lots of men with all sorts of inside genius—great financiers, great editors, great orators, and great preachers—who tried all their lives long to be dandies, and could n't begin to do it. By a dandy, I do n't mean a man who dresses in extravagant style, but rather one who takes you down by the general impressiveness of his outside arrangements. There is one of that sort whom I see every day about town, and sometimes at our hotel-table. He wears an old coat as often as a new one—sometimes he has on patched boots—sometimes a hat that used to be new. But put him in any crowd you choose, some how or other you'd always pick him out as holding four aces and a king, as far as rig and style go. He's *one* of the dandies for whom I have a respect.

'About once in fifteen years a new sort of dandy turns up, just as in about the same time people pretty generally get a new kind of furniture, and begin to build new sorts of churches. From where I sit at table I can see a splendid specimen of what was rather the correct thing about twenty years ago—a man who looks as if he might have been immense in the days of the old annuals. His hair is very thick and shovelled up on the top of his head, and rolled off at the sides, as if his noddle was a barrel full of shavings for kindling, and he had got good measure. When he was a fashionable, young people had n't got over pirate notions of beauty, and the girls used to tell him he looked considerable like a corsair. He wears a high stock, and looks queer. His friends that used to be, have settled down or died, some of them look like other folks, and some have dropped into the new fashions. But he stands out for the old style, and there are still three or four married ladies about, who won't give up the notion that he's a very stylish young man. It always makes MACE SLOPER a little blue or a little old-times-y to look at him, for MACE can remember that when *he* was a young shaver, and just suffering from *his* first attacks of calico-fever, he used to think that if he could only look as *that* man used to look, he'd consider himself as provided for. Well!—I wonder who Widow TWIGGLES would call the finest-look — O LORD!'

'If we take it first and last all through life, it's really amazing what a raft of people we've heard and never seen. Especially in hotels.

'It has been MACE SLOPER's luck to be very frequently quartered in rooms with

nothing but a door betwixt his room and his neighbor's; and whenever this happened he has been pretty generally about as certain to hear, willing or unwilling, considerable that was n't spoken to him. Particularly when girls were in the next room! Not giving myself credit for any especial 'cuteness, I can't brag of ever having got up any wise theory on the subject; but it does seem to me that the queerest, wildest, and most amazing speeches I ever heard in all my life from mortal lips, always came from people I could n't see. Moreover — and every body 'll agree with me if he 'll rake out his own experience a little — I maintain that no two people can talk in the dark to one another as they do in the light. Report such a talk, and read it to them, and they 'll as soon believe that they 've been talking Injun. That 's so!

'Which reminds MACE SLOPER of a talk he once heard in a New-Jersey hotel. I had quietly smoked myself into a regular nap such as the good alone enjoy, when I was awoke by hearing some body enter the next room. Apparently he woke some body else up too, who was sleeping there in advance of him.

'Hullo thar?' says the man a-bed.

'Hul-lo and behold!' answered the one entering.

'Wait for your welcome afore you come in,' said No. I.

'In-comes are always welcome,' answered No. II. 'The mixologist of tipulars directorized me to apartment XC., which, being exceedingly weary, I did uncandelized. Yet if you desire illuminosity —'

'Stranger!' cried No. I: 'hold thar! do n't light a match, for the love of God! I know adzackly what you look like without goin' further. You're five feet 'leven inches high, got gray eyes and a coon-colored vest, short-cropped ha'r and a loose over-coat, nose like a razor-handle, and scar over your left eye. That 's the stripe!'

'How do you cognovit that?' was the amazed reply.

'Cog — *thunder!*' was the response. 'How do I know how you look? Why, who the d — I ever heard of a man's coming to bed in the dark, and calling a bar-keeper a mixologist of tipicular fixins, unless he *had* gray eyes, razor-handled nose, short ha'r, an' a coon-colored vest? Do n't light a match, stranger, on my account. Drummon' lights would be darkness on *your* face arter such a blaze of language as that. 'Illuminosity' and 'cognovit!' That shows you've got a ca'pet-bag in your hand and a whiskey-bottle in it. *Sho!*'

'There was a sound like the pop of a cork, and a clear case of drinking to better acquaintanceship going on as I fell to sleep. We hear queer things in the dark. That Western man rather knocks me whenever I think of him.'

Mr. FRANCIS COPCUTT, a frequent contributor in past years to the KNICKER-BOCKER, deserves honorable mention in these pages; and we are the more happy to mention his name in this connection at this time, that he is about presenting to the public an exceedingly handsome volume from the press of ROLLO, entitled '*Leaves from a Bachelor's Book of Life*,' made up, for the most part, of communications which have appeared from his pen in this Magazine. Now, of this forthcoming book we have frankly spoken, 'as below,' in the publisher's circular; and with that, and a justificatory quotation mentioned, as annexed, by the *Boston Post*, we bring to a close this present chapter of the Historical Narrative:

'DEAR SIR: We desire to call your attention to a work which we have in press, entitled, '*Leaves from a Bachelor's Book of Life*,' and to be published early in May.

'The *Boston Post*,' high authority in such matters, speaking of one of the 'Leaves,' says: 'It is a very beautiful sketch; a man who writes as he does, may write in his own name. The composition in question describes the sickness and death of little 'Lorrie,' and we speak advisedly in saying, that it is as plainly stamped with the mark of genius as if it had been three duodecimo volumes long. We have not met with any thing so good this many a day. It is simple, unaffected, and unexaggerated. It is *the* thing. If the author can produce more of the same sort, he will be a leader in our literature. It is a perfect gem of its kind. We have seldom read a short production by any one, in which the 'just enough' was more delicately told.'

'And the well-known Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER, in whose Magazine so many authors of note and fame have made their first flights towards the goal they have reached, writes to the author, as follows:

'*Knickerbocker Sanctum*, April 18, 1860.

'DEAR SIR: I have carefully and thoughtfully examined your 'Leaves from a Bachelor's Book of Life,' about the propriety of publishing which, as of the possible profit, you have asked my opinion.

'Frankly and cordially, I say then, my old friend, publish the book by all means.

'If the first step towards success be merit, you have secured the difficult *premier pas qui compte*.

'During the past twenty-five years, I have been almost continually placed in judgment over MS. anxious to obtain the immortality of type, but I have seldom seen one where the elements of success seemed to me to be more clear and decided. While there are variety, humor, and breadth of experience enough to satisfy the craving, or even morbid appetite, there is a depth of pathos which will reach the hearts of all; but no sentence which cannot be taken to the fire-side, and read to sister, wife, or sweet-heart. Indeed, a few of the 'Leaves,' which have appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, have received such hearty commendations from all sorts and conditions of men — and women — that its success, in my mind, is a foregone conclusion.

Yours, very truly,

'L. GAYLORD CLARK.'

The passage which ensues requires no comment at our hands. Every reader who possesses that noble entrail called a *heart*, will appreciate it:

'WHEN she came to herself, she was on her bed, and Dr. ARMOUR standing by her. Recollection returned, and she said, with an unnatural calmness which startled him:

'Doctor, is my child dead?'

'Not yet. But do not rise, Madam: you are too weak.'

'Mrs. MAY looked at him with a surprised look; then rose and went to her child's bed-side. LORRIE knew her mother; and when Mrs. MAY took her hand, she felt it pulled slightly, and bent down her head until her lips touched those of her child, and she felt them move a little to kiss her: then she tried to speak, but could not; and the mother stood by the side of the bed, with glazed eyes, in which were no tears, for she could not weep. Oh! how she wanted to weep, but could not, and her eyes burned her as she gazed at the dying girl!

'The doctors stood round her in silence, for they knew that she was dying; the mother bent over her in silence, for she felt that she was dying; and the child gasped, and gasped, and a slight gurgle was heard in her throat, and she lifted her head suddenly, and said, with a faint voice, 'Mother!' and fell back on the pillow, quite dead.

'God of mercy, help me to bear this!' said Mrs. MAY. 'ALMIGHTY FATHER, help me to bear this!' and she fell on her knees and clasped her hands in agony.

'THE doctors slowly and silently left the room, and went down-stairs, and they stepped into the parlor to have a chat before they separated.

'MRS. MAY started suddenly from her kneeling position, and looked earnestly at her child, the last hope of her heart, the last link that bound her to the earth; and she hurriedly felt her feet, hands, heart, and put her ear down to the still, silent lips, then glided swiftly and noiselessly down stairs to the back-parlor, where the folding-doors were ajar.

'... Lower down; the breathing showed that. I was afraid we were to be kept up all night.'

'I think you gave her too much calomel, MASON.'

'Not a bit, not a bit: she should have had more yesterday, instead of your arsenic.'

'Well, well. Curious case.'

'Very.'

'Gentlemen,' said the old gray-headed Dr. ARMOUR, who had wept at the death-bed, and had not spoken before; 'gentlemen, it is unprofessional for me to say so, and late in life to acknowledge it, but this is all wrong somewhere. The child should not have died, and I must — . . . '

'MRS. MAY had been checked by the tone of indifference, almost of levity, of the first speakers; now she threw open the doors, and stood there, drawn to her full height, and with her earnest eyes dilating, with a look that made them shrink as if they had seen a spectre: but she only said:

'Heaven help ye, gentlemen, in your extreme need. Dr. ARMOUR, for God's sake, come back and tell me if the child is dead!'

'They returned, but the corpse was growing cold. MRS. MAY clasped her hand round its neck, bent her head over its face, tear after tear rolled down her cheeks, and there she sat through the long night, clinging to the garment that had held her LOTTIE.

'MRS. MAY sat by the little coffin that contained her child's form. She had grown much older in the two long, weary, solemn days that LOTTIE had been dead. She could look at the death-sleep, and the little hands crossed on the bosom, and the closed lids over those dark, expressive eyes, and place fresh roses, and geraniums, and heliotrope about the calm, life-like corpse, without weeping now; but there was a deep, fixed, almost stern expression of grief on her pale, classic face, which seemed to ask no sympathy, and was feeding on the springs of her own life. She could not pray yet. Often had she fallen on her knees since the little one's last faint cry of 'Mother!' but no utterance followed, for her heart only asked in agony, why HE had taken away her LOTTIE? And thoughts high and deep passed through her mind, of time and space, and heaven and immortality, until imagination had wandered and lost itself in the dim confines which separate thought from the impenetrable mysteries which surround us, until all consciousness of time and space in her present life was lost; and then the question would recur, *did* HE take her away, or was she sent, uncalled from the earth, by unholy errors, by poisoning drugs; and she shrank from the question shuddering.

'CARRIAGE after carriage drove up to the door, rooms were filled with friends and acquaintances of the mourner and the mourned, and a solemn-looking man opened the Bible, and read: 'Suffer little children to come unto ME, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!' Then he said many beautiful things about

the child, which he had known from its birth; but Mrs. MAY could not listen, and, sobbing out her anguish, left the room, for *why* had HE taken away her LOTTIE? After the ceremony was over, she returned, and stood by the coffin, and looked at her child for the last time. She thought of all her grace and repose, even among her little play-mates, and all her arch and winning ways, and hot tears fell on the cold form. Then they closed the coffin, and placed it in the carriage with Mrs. MAY alone; she would have it so. They drove slowly down Broadway, and Mrs. MAY was startled by the noise of carts and omnibuses. It seemed strange that they drove on so furiously while LOTTIE was carried by; and crowds of people lined the streets, all gay and unheeding. Mrs. MAY drew down the curtains, and hid them from her sight. They passed over the South Ferry, and so on to Greenwood; and between the beautiful sculptures and white monuments (standing over buried hopes, like the rainbow over the abyss of the cataract, or the fair face over a crushed heart,) until they came to LOTTIE's grave. It was a sweet spot, on the southern side of a gentle rise that overlooked the Bay and Narrows, and caught the first smile of Day, as he rose from the horizon and bathed himself in light; and the last rays of the sun rested on its bosom, while the twilight lingered there when darkness had hidden all below. LOTTIE had often played on it, and told her mother which was *her corner*. Poor child! she little thought how soon she would take possession; indeed, she always said it with as happy a smile as if she had been immortal, and would never need an earthly resting-place.

'Mrs. MAY remained in the carriage; and when they took the coffin toward the grave, there was again that fixed and glassy look, those tearless eyes. How she longed to keep even the corpse forever near her!

'They lowered the little coffin into the grave, and, as the earth fell on the lid, said, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!' and a little mound marked the place where, down, down in the earth, the fair-haired girl awaited the final reckoning.

'They came to Mrs. MAY as they passed out, but she waved them away, and one after another left, until she was quite alone. Then she descended from the carriage, and went to the grave; and the servant brought a basket of flowers, and wept as he retired, for they all loved LOTTIE; and Mrs. MAY bent over the grave, and scattered flowers about it, she felt so wholly desolate, now that they had taken away the last link, the body of her poor child. The sun went down, and the night came on, as she knelt there. Tree and leaf and insect, all were hushed as still as the grave beneath her; and she looked up to the heavens, and saw the stars, like tapers on the pall of darkness which shrouded her, and she gazed and gazed, and her heart longed for a revelation of her child's fate and her own in that mysterious sphere, and her heart was softened as she gazed. Then she bent over the grave again, and took a little flower and put it in her bosom, and thought of her child and its last faint 'Mother!' and the tears came to her eyes, her bursting heart found vent, and she wept, oh! how long and passionately, as if existence itself were welling from her eyelids! Then she looked up again, and the sky seemed to have lost its darkness; and the stars dilated, and seemed to fill the heavens with glory; and her spirit became more rapt and exalted, as if spiritual influences were about her with which she could commune; and her lips were opened at last. She prayed long and earnestly to the FATHER who had taken her idol. She felt now too truly that it had been an *idol*, and she blessed His holy name, and knew *why* HE had taken her LOTTIE. Her mind became more exalted; a transcendent exaltation took possession of her soul, and it seemed to expand super-sensually, until it lost sight of earth and

its earthly tenement, and rose to the feeling, the *consciousness of the INFINITE*. She seemed to have a dual existence, a being separate from her being; and looked down on herself, as she knelt at the grave, with an *infinite pity*. (Whether under the direct influence of the 'inspiration of heaven,' or the native powers of her soul drawn from their slumbers by surrounding circumstances, who shall tell?) And her soul expanded in its exaltation, until she felt herself a link between the FOUNTAIN OF HOLINESS and the GREAT SOUL OF HUMANITY; and while a feeling of deep love and pity for mankind took possession of her soul, their errors and weaknesses shrank into the back-ground; even her own sorrows became vague, undefined, distant, almost little.

'This consciousness, this exaltation, vouchsafed to the best of us so rarely, from the low or grovelling forever barred, may come sometimes perhaps to a mother at the birth of her first-born, oftener at its death. A revelation to great minds at the moment of their best conceptions; to others, at the moment of death, or when death suddenly becomes imminent and near, and fear does not paralyze the soul. Sometimes it comes with the fervid devotion of the worshipper, filled with a holy and living faith; seldom, if ever, in mere religious ecstasy; this, the flash of the torch, soon out and lost; that, like the June sunshine, lighting all things, and drawing them from the earth to warmth and life. But it comes to none without leaving him better, wiser, stronger to endure and bear, and with deeper sympathies for the sufferings and errors of his kind.

'Mrs. MAY knelt there, wrapped in her new existence, hour after hour, far into the night, until her servants were alarmed, and they came and accosted her; but she answered them calmly, and left the grave with a blessed peace in her heart; and they drove over the lonely road, and through the quiet and deserted streets, toward her desolate home, a sad, but a wiser, a better being; for her soul had known the *divine* depth, her heart had become the *sanctuary* of sorrow. God had taken away her loved ones for a time, but HE had given HIS own love in their place, and she wept no more.'

THE AUTHORSHIP OF 'A YEAR IN HEAVEN.'—Our thanks are due, and are hereby tendered to the kindly author of the following note:

Newburyport, Mass., April 23, 1860.

'SIR: In your 'Editor's Table' of the April KNICKERBOCKER, you ask who is the author of the beautiful lines 'A Year in Heaven?'

'Rev. Dr. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, of Boston, wrote them. You will find them in a volume which he published one or two years ago—a memory of his daughter. The book is entitled 'CATHERINE,' and is one of the most faultlessly beautiful poems which a father's love ever wept over the grave of his child.

'I remain, Sir,

'Yours respectfully,

H. M. FLETCHER.'

The best evidence of the justice of this encomium is, that the lines alluded to, have already been widely copied from the KNICKERBOCKER in the religious and secular journals of the day.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We cannot permit the eloquent *Eulogy of William Cullen Bryant upon the late Washington Irving*, delivered before the Historical Society at the Academy of Music, to pass without farther comment than the few brief remarks to which we were confined in our last number. We have read it many times; and each perusal of it has but confirmed our admiration of its completeness as a running biographical sketch, and its great beauty and eloquence as a composition. We are glad to perceive that Mr. PUTNAM, in his new and beautiful edition of Mr. IRVING's writings, is to preface them all with this comprehensive and admirable address. The main biographical facts here set forth, have already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER; but we cannot resist the inclination to preserve in these pages the two passages which open and close this calm yet warm and glowing eulogy: 'We have come together, my friends,' said Mr. BRYANT, (addressing such an audience as had never before assembled in the vast Academy of Music,) 'on the birth-day of an illustrious citizen of our republic; but so recent is his departure from among us, that our assembling is rather an expression of sorrow for his death than of congratulation that such a man was born into the world. His admirable writings, the beautiful products of his peculiar genius, remain to be the enjoyment of the present and future generations; we keep the recollection of his amiable and blameless life and his kindly manner, and for these we give thanks; but the thought will force itself upon us that the light of his friendly eye is quenched; that we must hear no more his beloved voice, nor take his welcome hand. It is as if some genial year had just closed and left us in frost and gloom: its flowery spring, its leafy summer, its plenteous autumn, flown, never to return. Its gifts are strewn around us; its harvests are in our garners; but its season of bloom and warmth and fruitfulness is past. We look around us and see that the sunshine which filled the golden ear and tinged the reddening apple brightens the earth no more.' The following tribute of one noble genius to another is not less characteristic than it is just and truthful: 'IRVING's style is one of the most agreeable in the whole range of our literature. It is transparent as the light, sweetly modulated, unaffected, the native expression of a fertile fancy, a benignant temper, and a mind which, delighting in the noble and the beautiful, turned involuntarily away from their opposites. His peculiar humor was, in a great measure, the offspring of this constitution of his mind. This fanciful playing with common things is never coarse, never tainted with grossness, and always in harmony with our better sympathies. It not only tinged his writings, but overflowed in his delightful conversation.' Speaking of Mr. IRVING's connection with this Magazine, Mr. BRYANT says:

'SEVERAL papers were written by IRVING in 1839, and the following year, for the KNICKERBOCKER, a monthly periodical conducted by his friend, LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, all of them such as he only could write. They were afterwards collected into a volume entitled '*Wolfert's Roost*,' from the ancient name of that beautiful residence of his on the banks of the Hudson, in which they were mostly written. They

were, perhaps, read with more interest in the volume than in the Magazine, just as some paintings of the highest merit are seen with more pleasure in the painter's room than on the walls of an exhibition.'

This last is a felicitous simile: for in the same KNICKERBOCKER gallery, where hung the exquisite paintings of IRVING, there hung also the *chef d'œuvres* of other eminent masters, ('old masters,' some of them, now, we are sorry to say,) to divide the public admiration. IRVING, BRYANT, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, were side by side in the same 'apartment' or department of the Magazine. The subjoined is the impressive peroration of Mr. BRYANT, to which we have adverted:

'I HAVE thus set before you, my friends, with such measure of ability as I possess, a rapid and imperfect sketch of the life and genius of WASHINGTON IRVING. Other hands will yet give the world a bolder, a more vivid and exact, a more distinctive portraiture. In the mean time, when I consider for how many years he stood before the world as an author with a still increasing fame—half a century in this most changeful of centuries—I cannot hesitate to predict for him a deathless renown. Since he began to write empires have risen and passed away; mighty captains have appeared on the stage of the world, performed their part, and been called to their account; wars have been fought and ended, which have changed the destinies of the human race. New arts have been invented and adopted, and have pushed the old out of use; the household economy of half mankind has undergone a revolution. Science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old; the chemist of 1809 would be a vain babbler among his brethren of the present day, and would in turn become bewildered in the attempt to understand them. Nation utters speech to nation in words that pass from realm to realm with the speed of light. Distant countries have been made neighbors; the Atlantic Ocean has become a narrow frith, and the Old World and the New shake hands across it; the East and the West look in at each other's windows. The new inventions bring new calamities, and men perish in crowds by the recoil of their own devices. War has learned more frightful modes of havoc, and armed himself with deadlier weapons; armies are borne to the battle-field on the wings of the wind, and dashed against each other and destroyed with infinite bloodshed. We grow giddy with these rapid and ceaseless mutations; the earth seems to reel under our feet, and we turn to those who write like IRVING for some assurance that we are still in the same world into which we were born; we read, and are quieted and consoled. In his pages we see that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete; that Truth and Good and Beauty, the offspring of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the inventions of men. We become satisfied that he whose works were the delight of our fathers, and are still ours, will be read with the same pleasure by those who come after us.

'If it were becoming, at this time and in this assembly, to address our departed friend as if in his immediate presence, I would say: 'Farewell, thou who hast entered into the rest prepared, from the foundation of the world, for serene and gentle spirits like thine. Farewell, happy in thy life, happy in thy death, happier in the reward to which that death was the assured passage; fortunate in attracting the admiration of the world to thy beautiful writings; still more fortunate in having written nothing which did not tend to promote the reign of magnanimous forbearance and generous sympathies among thy fellow-men. The brightness of that enduring fame which thou hast won on earth is but a shadowy symbol of that glory to which thou hast been admitted in the world beyond the grave. Thy errand upon

earth was an errand of peace and good-will to men, and thou art now in a region where hatred and strife never enter, and where the harmonious activity of those who inhabit it acknowledges no impulse less noble or less pure than that of love.'"

A noble tribute! - - - 'JOHN WATERS' ghost-story of '*The Iron Footstep*,' and the apparition anecdote told to COLERIDGE by WASHINGTON ALLSTON, seem to have 'stirred up' correspondents 'to a degree.' We have received, from different parts of the country, not less than a dozen '*veritable*' ghost-stories for publication in the KNICKERBOCKER. We select a few passages from a brief communication by a new contributor, entitled '*Hallucinations*,' which have a bearing upon this general supernatural theme. The writer, in his opening, says: 'We may philosophize as we will about a disordered physical system and an overwrought fancy; but there are few who could awake suddenly from sleep, and view philosophically a tall figure standing by the bed-side, or look with composure, even in broad daylight, on the form of a long-dead friend, as he silently entered the door-way. Indeed we cannot find an age or nation so rude or unenlightened, but it possesses a belief in the supernatural and a love for the marvellous. In humble communities, where imagination is not enlightened by science, a group of neighbors will often gather around the dim fire-light and listen with hushed breathing, to some recital of fearful voices heard at night; of strange lights seen glancing over dead men's graves; of apparitions from the other world appearing to warn them of death or peril; and the story is received as absolute fact: the hearts of the hearers quaking with terror lest some such mysterious visitant should be found in the doleful midnight standing by *their* pillow. Every fitful gleam of the embers causes a start, and the homeward journey is taken with breathless haste.' Our correspondent proceeds to cite the following interesting and amusing instances of 'established hallucination':

'Of late years mere hallucination has come to be regarded as entirely consistent with reason; a simple disease, requiring the treatment of the family physician, as much as brain-fever, or the fracture of a limb. Many great minds have been subject to these delusions, and yet no one suspected them of insanity. If the mind dwells long and intensely on any object, there is always a tendency to clothe that idea in a visible form. BEN JONSON told a friend, that he had once spent a whole night watching a horde of Tartars, Turks and Catholics fighting around his great arm-chair. Though the impression was as vivid as the real scene, he attributed it to the right cause—an over-heated imagination. OLIVER CROMWELL, as he lay stretched on his couch, weary and sleepless, beheld a gigantic woman draw aside the curtains and proclaim to him that he should 'be the greatest man in England.' Doubtless his own ambition bade the phantom welcome. POPE, when suffering from an acute disease, once asked his physician 'What that arm was which came out of the wall?'

'No doubt the larger share of the phantoms which have disturbed mankind, required only a little investigation to make them out as harmless as 'the cook's ghost,' which appeared to the crew of a home-bound vessel, once in the early twilight. The second mate came to the captain in great terror, telling him that the cook who was buried in the sea a few days before, was walking on the water before the ship, and all hands were on deck looking at him. The captain, who was vexed at such superstition, replied: 'Well, see which will reach New-Castle first.' A second earnest ap-

peal brought him on deck, however, and there, sure enough, appeared his old friend in his customary dress, walking along with the same rolling gait. The crew were so terrified they could do nothing; so the captain was obliged to steer the ship himself. On a nearer approach, behold, the spectre resolved itself into a floating fragment from the top-mast of some unfortunate wreck. But for this solution, a veritable 'ghost-story' would have been circulated for generations among the good people of New-Castle, fully corroborated by a whole ship's company.

PLINY tells us, in one of his letters, of a house in Athens which was haunted by a spirit loaded with chains. The philosopher, ATHENODORUS, resolved to lay the spirit, and repaired to the house at night-fall, taking his light and writing tablets. At the dead of night the chained man appeared and motioned with his hands. The philosopher rose and followed him down to the court-yard, where he sank into the ground. The spot was marked, and the magistrates informed next day. The place was examined, and the bones of a man in chains were found buried there. They were publicly burned; after which the spirit seemed very well satisfied, as it came no more.

'Granting the story to be true, the illusion is easily enough accounted for. The shape assumed was the precise counterpart of the one existing in the philosopher's mind, and for which he had waited long hours, while the idea of the man buried in the court-yard might have been a reminiscence of some forgotten tradition.

'Strange hallucinations are often met with by the physician, while the patient is perfectly sane and calmly analyzes his feelings, and takes note of the strange appearances. Many are familiar with the case of NICOLAI, a distinguished book-seller of Berlin, who from time to time observed people walking about in his room, conversing together busily, as if in the market. He grew familiar with them after a time, and rather enjoyed their society, though they were usually the shadows of people with whom he was not very familiar. They attended him in the street as well as in his own house, and were easily distinguished from real people by a somewhat paler color. An application of leeches to the patient proved too much for the constitution of the phantoms, and they grew fainter and fainter until at last they died away.

'A short time ago an interesting case of illusion occurred to the well-known librarian of the Astor Library. He had been deeply engaged until late at night on a catalogue of the books which he is preparing. On going to a distant alcove he beheld a man standing before the books. Supposing it to be a thief, he changed his position to get a view of his face, when to his surprise he recognized a physician who had lived in the vicinity, but who was buried not long before. Not at all alarmed, he said:

'"Doctor, you seldom came here when living. Why do you come now you are dead?"

'But though such a reasonable question, the Doctor, instead of answering, vanished away. The librarian visited the same spot at the same hour the two succeeding nights, with the same result, speaking always dispelling the illusion. He attributed it to an overtaxed mind, and by the advice of a physician, has taken a journey to recruit.

'Hallucination often precedes or is connected with insanity. Visitors to a lunatic-asylum will often observe very curious cases. There was at one time a singular patient named BLAKE, in the retreat at Bethlem, England. He was a large, powerful man, with a pale, intellectual face, and a great fund of general information. He

spent his time in conversation with the great ones of the earth who have gone to the land of shades, chatting familiarly with MOSES and the prophets, enjoying a sumptuous supper with SEMIRAMIS, and always having his crayons at hand to sketch the portraits of his guests. He had large volumes of these portraits, which he was quite proud to exhibit to any who called. Among them was a sketch of the Devil and his mother. EDWARD the Third was a very frequent visitor, and in return for the compliment he painted his portrait in oil at three sittings.

'A gentleman put some questions to him with a view to puzzle him:

'Are these illustrious visitors announced, that you recognize them so readily? Do they send their cards to you?'

'No; but I know them as soon as they appear. I did not expect MARK ANTONY last night, but I recognized the old Roman as soon as he entered. Poor JOB was here yesterday, but he only staid two minutes. I had scarcely time to make a sketch, which I afterward copied in aquafortis. But hush! Here is RICHARD the Third. He stands in a good position now: if you speak, he will go.' BLAKE was very happy in the society of the illustrious people who crowded his little room.

'Formerly but little attention was given to the treatment of hallucination. If any step was taken, it was but to shut up the unhappy person in an asylum, often producing the evil it was sought to cure. A few eccentric notions need not unfit a person for discharging the ordinary duties of life, and require his seclusion from the society of his friends. If so, we should need to have our lunatic asylums constructed on a much grander scale than at present.

'A supernatural explanation of this simple phenomenon of illusion is not confined to the uneducated. Men of high literary and religious attainments have believed that departed spirits could, and sometimes did assume a visible form. I think that most of them had seen something of the kind, or at least that their maternal grandmother or grand-father had met one, I will not be sure which.

'But as a general rule, I think it is best, as some one has said, 'to believe every ghost bogus till he proves himself genuine, by telling you something you did not know before, and which it is important for you to know. And do n't 'for any thing' believe in a ghost you have not seen yourself. A second-hand spectre is too faint and ghostly for any sensible man's faith.

J. E. L.

A 'second-hand' spectre 'is good!' - - - JUNE will be 'hereabout' when the reader shall 'take his eye and throw it over' this page. The weather will be warm; 'the sky clear, and the air very salubrious,' if the sage MERRIAM, of Brooklyn, (who has almost ruined our climate,) does n't interfere with his practical prognostications. There is *one* sign of hot weather which is unfailing in this metropolis; and that is, the advertisement in all the daily journals, of our friend, *Lucius Hart, of his Ice-Pitchers*; those cool, cheering, ice 'thud'-thumping, ice-echoing vessels, as beautiful in that which they *do*, as in their grace and beauty of *form*. In the most scorching of summer days, they have upon them 'the dew of their youth,' trickling down their burnished sides — 'good as new,' if ten years old; while within, their contents are as cold and grateful, as if just poured from 'the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.' A great and a cheap treasure and luxury, and a 'great comfort,' and a 'good thing,' are these ICE PITCHERS, as we have long had occasion to know. By-the-by, we perceive that an esteemed contemporary, the *Evening Post* daily journal, has a paragraph touching our old and esteemed friend HART, which we shall quote in this place,

and make good the claim of HART 'against all-comers,' be they HEENANS, SAYERS's, or any other half-and-half 'champions.' 'The 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' is the euphonious title of one of SCOTT's most admired novels. Some future novelist of this city will find a title equally euphonious in the 'HART of Burling-Slip,' and certainly, if continuity for thirty years in one location can justify hearts or HARTS in assuming titles like those above, LUCIUS HART, of Nos. 4 and 6 Burling-Slip, deserves such an addition to his name. For that long period has the heroic HART of Burling-Slip remained, like CASABIANCA, firm at his post, whence all but him had fled, and where he can afford to sell his coffee and tea-urns, castors, cake-baskets, forks, spoons, tea-sets, dinner-sets, and other table articles, at the lowest prices. People wishing to obtain wife-ly or bridal presents will at once fall in with the crowd that daily sweeps downward to his store, to find him 'fresh as the flowers in May.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT ('H. C.') writing to the EDITOR from Toledo, (Ohio,) says: 'Some time ago, in church-yard wanderings, I picked up the following epitaph, and transcribed it for you, only altering names and places, for obvious reasons: but I vouch for its veracity; and as it seems to explain the origin of a saying which I never before could comprehend, I think it worthy a place in the archives of the dear old KNICKERBOCKER:

' Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

ELIZABETH SHERBURNE,

THE BELOVED WIFE OF

PETER B. SHERBURNE,

of Cobourg, C. W.,

WHO DIED

APRIL 20TH, 1850,

Aged 23 Years.

HER AFFLICTED HUSBAND HAS ERECTED THIS

TABLET

TO HER MEMORY.

PEACE TO HER ASHES:

LET HER RIP!

'You must remember,' adds our friendly antiquarian, 'that this is on a beautiful marble tablet, and in a conspicuous place in a frequented grave-yard. No doubt the intention has been to instruct the engraver to inscribe R. I. P., the initials of the Latin words *Requiescat in pace*—'Repose in peace:' but the tablet has gone up, and the record is as I give it. I have seen the like in Catholic grounds, but never quite so ridiculously quoted as in this instance. 'Let her rip!' What an aspiration for a tomb-stone!' - - - COMING up to-night, in the cars of the 'Northern Rail-Road of New-Jersey,' along the heights from Weehawken to the Tappaân-Zee, which expands at its greatest breadth opposite our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' all the while rushing along the western slope of the Pali-

sades, of which most exquisitely beautiful scene so many of our metropolitan citizens are utterly ignorant; the scent of apple, cherry, and peach-blossoms — 'light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow' — filling all the air; coming thus, we had in our mind, (we had them 'by heart,') the following

Song of May.

'THE spring's scented buds all around me are swelling;
There are songs in the stream, there is health in the gale:
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of old Winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm, and a token
Of love, O thou Spirit of Beauty, to thee!

'The Sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year:
He fills with delight all the balm-breathing flowers;
He mounts to the zenith and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

'The young bird is out on his delicate pinion,
He timidly sails in the infinite sky;
A greeting to MAY, and her fairy dominion,
He pours on the west-wind's fragrant sigh;
Around and above, there are quiet and pleasure;
The woodlands are singing, the heaven is bright;
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

'Alas! for my weary and care-haunted bosom!
The spells of the spring-time arouse me no more;
The song in the wild-wood, the sheen of the blossom,
The fresh-welling fountain — their magic is o'er!
When I list to the stream, when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throng of my long-vanished hours
And sigh that their transports are over and gone!

'From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my sad mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream;
The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth;
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;
But the eye of my spirit in weariness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

'Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended —
'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the newness, the sweetness of being are ended:
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now;
The shadows of Death o'er my path have been sweeping —
There are those who have loved me debarred from the day;
The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.

'It is shut to the glow of this present existence,
It hears, from the Past, a funereal strain;
And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
Where the lost blooms of earth will be garnered again:
Where no mildew the soft damask rose-cheek shall nourish,
Where grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.

'It is thus that the hopes which to others are given
 Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
 I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven —
 I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
 And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,
 Delights not my bosom, ah! do not condemn;
 O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
 For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.'

Now it was really the first *warm* day of Spring, when we repeated these lines from WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK's true and full heart; and strange as it may seem to some, the 'jocund spring,' the 'emerald spring,' the 'joyous spring' is not such to us. In the first place, the first warm spring day that surprises one with a touch of summer is most oppressive. Yesterday, for example, the seventh day of May, weighed down the spirit like as if it were lead. And after all, we can hardly explain how it is: but the Autumn, with what our friend Mr. BYRON calls its 'melancholy days,' is really more cheerful, to our fancy, than the coming on of spring. Reminiscence may perhaps have much to do with it; possibly enervation of body may also influence one's feelings in this regard. But we think *this* is the feeling, as simply, briefly, touchingly expressed by BYRON:

'AND when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to live;
 And saw around me the wide fields revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
 Come forth its work of gladness to contrive,
 With all its reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turned from all she brought, to those she could not bring.'

It seems to us that this 'tells the story' of the influence of Spring. - - - An Albany correspondent sends us the annexed, with the assurance that it is 'every way true':

'SOME years ago Captain JOHN EAGLES kept the 'Aurora House;' and capitably he kept it, in a capital village, on the eastern bank of 'old Cayuga.' He was an 'old salt;' had 'circumnavigated master of a ship' several times; had not forgotten how 'to splice the main brace' when needful; was as 'jolly as a fourtop-man in a calm;' and *such* 'yarns' as he spun, not unfrequently, astonished all his hearers, even ANDY, who had 'made a six weeks v'yage in Joon, an' seen all sorts o' weather an' shipwracks an' crathurs that wor nivir seen afore, any way — barrin the Cap'n's.'

'Well, the Captain and his family purposed to visit New-York. The little 'steamer' neared the dock; ANDY stepped in to 'take a small smatther.'

'An' it's lavin' ye are, Cap'n?' asked ANDY.

'Yes,' was the answer.

'Is it any lingth ye'll be away?' again asked ANDY.

'The Captain, drawing on one of his 'tough yarn faces,' replied: 'Yes, ANDY, I shall be gone a long time. President POLK has appointed me Minister to Russia.'

'Begorra, an' that's mighty quare,' thought ANDY, but spoke: 'Will I help ye aboard with the trunks?'

'On the deck of that little steamer ANDY grasped the hand of the Captain warmly and sympathizingly, while the last bell was ringing, and burst out: 'Good by, Cap'n — good-by t' ye; and *God be good to the Rooshyans, for it's the hoighth of good preaching ye'll give 'em, barrin' the divil the word of thruth there'll be in it!*'

Candid, if not complimentary! - - - HERE is a beautiful '*Child-Anecdote*, from an esteemed friend: 'One morning at family worship our group was entirely feminine, excepting the 'man of the house.' The chapter in course was one in PETER, on the duties of wives; and at last, from its personal nature, provoked a smile from the reader. 'Well,' said one of the listeners, 'I do n't object so much to those things from PAUL, for he was a bachelor, but PETER had a wife.' 'Yes,' chimes in our little four-year-old, who thinks that her comments are always timely: 'Yes,

'PETER, PETER, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and could n't keep her!''

Little Biblical cherub! - - - We call attention to, and commend with pleasure to our readers, a fine large engraving of *St. Anne's Church for Deaf Mutes in Eighteenth-Street*, the only one of its kind in the United States. The deaf-mutes ask for dollar subscriptions to relieve this church from debt; and we sincerely hope that they may be entirely successful. The church is a handsome structure, and is open every Sunday, for worship by signs, by the rector, Rev. THOMAS GALLAUDET. Let no churchman, who is able, turn these mute applicants empty-handed away. - - - 'A poor dog came to me,' remarked a humane citizen, 'on one occasion, as I sat on the porch of an inn at Manhattanville, who had just liberated his tail from a tin pot. He was 'worried' almost to death, and moaned 'as if his heart would break.' For my expression of sympathy he manifested the warmest gratitude, and would hardly leave my side for a moment. In the evening, however, he ventured out, and I shall never forget the disturbance it gave me on awaking in the night, to hear the poor fellow coursing along the dusky road, howling with affright at some dreadful missile, more awful from the gloom in which it vibrated, rattling at his heels as he leaped away from the horrid tin spectre.' TEUFFELSDRÖCKH, in '*Sartor Resartus*,' gives a description of a somewhat similar scene: 'Well do I still remember the red sunny Whitsuntide morning, when, trotting full of hope by the side of Father ANDREAS, I entered the main street of the village, and saw its steeple-clock then striking eight, and the aproned or disaproned burghers moving in to breakfast: a little dog in mad terror was rushing past, for some human imps had tied a tin kettle to his tail; thus did the agonized creature, loud jingling, career through the whole length of the borough, and become notable enough. Fit emblem of many a one to whom Fate has malignantly appended a tin kettle of ambition to chase him on, which, the faster he runs, urges him the faster — the more loudly and more foolishly.' *Not* an 'impotent conclusion.' - - - 'For the love of Heaven,' said one of the unhappy victims, struggling in the water, to the crew of an over-loaded boat, 'take me in! *take me in*, and I will give you thirty-five thousand pounds!' Ah! what was his money *then*? We thought, as we read this thrilling incident, of the preservation of a man who fell overboard in a storm, while in the middle of the Atlantic. The Rev. Dr. PARKER, who was in the same vessel, received the account from the mate, who went with a boat and four of the ship's crew to the poor fellow's rescue. The whole incident may be found in the interesting book,

by Dr. PARKER, entitled '*Invitations to True Happiness.*' We give but the closing passage :

'As we rose upon a mountain wave, we discovered the man on a distant billow. We heard his cry, and responded, 'Coming! coming!' We descended into the trough of the sea; we lost sight of the man, and heard nothing but the roar of the ocean. As we rose on the wave, we *again* saw him, and again distinctly heard his call. We gave him another word of encouragement, and pulled with all our strength. At the top of each succeeding wave we saw and heard him, and our hearts were filled with encouragement, as often in the trough of the sea we almost abandoned our hope of success. The time seemed long, and the struggle was such as men never use except for life. We reached him just as he was ready to sink with exhaustion. When we had drawn him into the boat he was senseless and speechless. *

'Our minds now turned to the ship. She had rounded to; but exhausted as we were, the distance between us and the vessel was frightful. One false movement would have filled our boat, and consigned us to a watery grave. Yet we reached the vessel, and were drawn safely on board.

'We were still exhausted, nor could the rescued man speak or walk, and yet he had a full sense of his condition. *He clasped our feet, and began to kiss them.* We disengaged ourselves from his embrace. He then crawled after us as we stepped back to avoid him: he followed us, looking up one moment with smiles and tears, and then *putting our wet foot-prints with his hand, he kissed them with an eager fondness!*

'I never witnessed such a scene in my life. I suppose if he had been our greatest enemy, he would have been perfectly subdued. The man was a passenger. During the whole voyage he showed the deepest gratitude, and when we reached the port, he loaded us with presents.'

UNABLE to be present at the private view of our friend Col. THORPE's great picture of '*Niagara as it Is,*' we take this discriminating notice of it from the *New-York Times* daily journal:

'ONE of the most accomplished members of the New-York Press, Col. T. B. THORPE, of the *Spirit of the Times*, last evening exhibited to a company of his friends and colleagues, a most unique and interesting work of art, a literal picture of Niagara as it is. That Col. THORPE is an artist in spirit has long been known to the reading world. We owe to Mr. DEABY, who kindly opened his house to receive both the painting and the painter's friends, the knowledge that Col. THORPE is an artist by the hand as well as by the heart. He has studied Niagara as Niagara deserves to be studied, year after year and month after month, from all possible points of view, and under every changing influence of season and of light. The result of his studies was a conviction that Niagara might be painted for the popular eye in the fulness of its characteristic beauty — with all the splendor of rushing water, all the mystical majesty of rising misty vapor, all the grandeur of cloven ravines, and all the solemnity of river depths too profound to be stirred by breeze or keel.

'The result of this conviction is the picture which this most enthusiastic and energetic of amateurs has now completed, and which is on its way to England to be submitted to the engraver's burin.

'Col. THORPE has selected his point of view most happily. Taken from Victoria Point, just below the Clifton House, his landscape includes all that impresses itself most strongly on the eye and dwells most lastingly in the memory of the visitor of Niagara. The American fall, thin, nervous, almost mercurial in its sudden, steep plunge of sheeted silver; the mass of Iris island; the picturesque interposition of Goat Island; and the magnificent emerald crescent of the great Horseshoe Fall, all are portrayed with panoramic fidelity; and the peculiar effect of the stately narrowing gorge through which the water of the western lakes forces its descent to the St. Lawrence and the ocean, is rendered by Col. THORPE with rare, and we think with unprecedented truth. If justice is done in the

chromotint to the special qualities of this remarkable painting, there can be little doubt that Col. THORPE will win and wear, as he well deserves to do, the honor of bringing the complete natural features of our great waterfall, for the first time, into the homes of the people. The honor will be no slight one, nor will its charm be diminished, we hope by the consideration that it will bring with it profit as well as praise, the cash of the *connoisseur*, as well as the applause of the critic.

Serves the 'Colonel' right! - - - WE have been 'placed in possession' of the following epistle and poetical effusion, by a friend of 'the party' doing the writing. We are informed that Mr. SUNNEY is delighted with the notice which we have taken of his Muse, and is only desirous of doing away the impression that he is a 'common waiter.' Not at all: he *commands* waiters, by platoons; being himself chief officer of a 'section' of the same, in the 'blooming hotel' aforesaid. *Maecte virtute*, SUNNEY! *En avant*, SUNNEY! 'Go ahead,' SUNNEY! While GENIUS holds the reins, and SUNNEY drives the horse, there is no fear of the 'car of poësy' coming to a dead halt:

'International Hotel, April 23, 1860.

'DEAR SIR: Having read the production of my pen in the last number of your much-respected and widely-circulated journal, I return you my most sincere thanks and gratitude for giving publicity to that simple ode termed the 'Blossoming Praises of a Blossoming Poet,' and depends on your liberality for the publication of the following verses.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES SUNNEY.'

Sunney to the Editor.

'AFTER my foreign travel,
Through England and France,
I composed a few verses
And wrote a romance;
In the true blarney style,
You remarked with good will,
That I expounded the praises
Of a brilliant Hotel.

'The assertions you made,
You may think they were right;
But if I was the writer,
You'd say I was tight:
For I am *not* a waiter,
It's plain to be seen,
As you have inserted
In your last Magazine.

'I perused your remarks,
Which were worthy of note,
Concerning the waiter,
Or the blossoming poet;
Your joke it would carry
Reproof to a clown;
Adorned with logic,
Without causing a frown.

'So I hope those mistakes
You'll correct very soon
Respecting the 'waiter'
In TAYLOR's saloon,
Who stands elevated,
Both noble and grand,
Diffusing much knowledge
From the pen I command.

'You spoke of my country,
But did not disdain;
The flower that's transplanted
Can't grow without rain;
So I, like the cedar,
My lot has been cast
In this free foreign land,
To withstand every blast.

'No longer I'll trespass
On your precious time,
Sincerely I thank you
For inserting this rhyme,
And for giving publication
To my former song:
I hope you'll excuse me
If I have said wrong.'

'Excuse' you, SUNNEY? Yes! - - - THE pleasant and graphically-written sketch of a 'Visit to Newstead Abbey and the Tomb of Lord BYRON,' by our old friend and occasional correspondent Mr. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, the well-known 'JEEMS PIPES, of Pipesville,' now first given to the public, will be found in the forth-coming book of Mr. MASSETT's adventures, shortly to be produced by one of our New-York publishers, the title of which is, '*Fire, Smoke, and Ashes from my Meerschaum*,' or Adventures in all parts of the World. Mr. 'PIPES' has travelled in almost every part of the habitable globe: at one time writing us

from the shores of the Bosphorus; again from the 'Eternal City;' scribbling us a line from the 'GARRICK Club' in London, or describing in his off-hand style his caravan-ride through the sands of Egypt, or his interview with a nephew of Lady BLESSINGTON in the far-off colony of VAN DIEMEN'S Land: all these, and a hundred other exciting scenes and adventures, will be given in his book, when it shall appear in the autumn. MASSETT has eaten *Sandwiches* with the natives of Honolulu, bear-steak on the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, curry and rice in the city of Palaces, Calcutta; and we predict for his interesting book of adventures a very large sale. - - - THE following is a genuine authentic letter, placed in type from the writer's own manuscript, if 'manuscript' it can be called. It is positively 'awful' to behold. Such zig-zag characters can only be paralleled by 'cross-cut lightning' playing in a bank of western summer clouds. The writer (save the mark!) is a TEACHER! —and he addresses his missive to the well-known school-book publishing house of our city, A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY:

'MR A S BARNES & Co publishers Der Sirs I see yere advertisemente in the New york tribune Whar yue have publish juvenile Definer also yue say in advertisemente thate teachers can gite one at half price and I ask you to send to me one and send the amount Whitch is half price and I Will send hite hite to yue bye maile and you have the Book maile to me and also send me a full Catalogyue of all your Books When yue maile the Book and Catalogyue Dyerect them to WILLIAM BEAM Palistine Post office Calhune Esq County Alabama

'this Given under my hand and this Day and Date this october the 10 1858

'yorse truly friend &c

WILLIAM BEAM Esq

'Palistine alabama Calhune County

{ L. S. } 'Given under my hand and seale this Day and Date &c &c Ben ritan and so foth

'rite if Posteig stamps is as the same as money With yue WILLIAM BEAM Esq

'mister BARNES & Co Sir oblige your truly frened and I Will send the money or the stamps Whitch ever yue rite for yue Gite the silver Woold B myta heavey and hit moute Be taken out be fore hite Get to yue But if chuse hite yue Gite hite

'WILLIAM BEAM Esq'

If such be the 'Teachers' in 'Alabama,' what must be the *Taught!* - - - THE *Annual Dinner of the Eclectic Club*, at their Club-House, on the eleventh ultimo, will not be forgotten in our next: a brilliant, *recherche* 'repast,' every way. - - - THE following is from an old and estimable correspondent:

'To those who have not particularly observed the dramatic form of many of the narrative portions of the BIBLE, the following extract from the Gospel of John will possess a new interest. It is arranged from the 'common version,' and retains very nearly the exact words of the same. Vide JOHN 4: 5-41.

'PLACE: A city of Samaria which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that JACOB gave to his son JOSEPH; JACOB's well was there.

'PERSONS: JESUS; a woman of Samaria; (and on their return,) the disciples, who were gone away into the city to buy meat.

'TIME: About the sixth hour, on a journey from Judea to Galilee, going through Samaria.

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria, at Jacob's Well.

'JESUS being wearied with travel, sat on the well, and there cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water.

'JESUS: 'Give me to drink.'

'THE WOMAN: 'How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?' For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

'JESUS: 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldst have asked of him and he would have given thee living water.'

'THE WOMAN: 'Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence, then, hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?'

'JESUS: 'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.'

'THE WOMAN: 'Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.'

'JESUS: 'Go call thy husband, and come hither.'

'THE WOMAN: 'I have no husband.'

'JESUS: 'Thou hast well said, 'I have no husband;,' for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that thou saidst truly.'

'THE WOMAN: 'Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshipped on this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.'

'JESUS: 'Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.'

'THE WOMAN: 'I know that MESSIAS cometh, which is called CHRIST; when he is come he will tell us all things.'

'JESUS: 'I THAT SPEAK UNTO THEE AM HE.'

'And upon this came his disciples, and marvelled that he talked with the woman; yet no man said, 'What seekest thou?' or, 'Why talkest thou with her?' The woman then left her water-pot, and went her way into the city.

'THE WOMAN: (To the men of the city:) 'Come see a man which told me all the things that I ever did. Is not this the CHRIST?'

'Then they went out of the city and came unto Him. In the mean time his disciples brought food.

'THE DISCIPLES: 'Master, eat.'

'JESUS: 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of.'

'THE DISCIPLES: (To one another,) 'Hath any man brought him aught to eat?'

'JESUS: 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work. Say not ye, 'There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest?' Behold I say unto you, 'Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; they are white already to harvest.' And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And

herein is that saying true, 'One soweth and another reapeth.' I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labor; other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors.'

'So when the Samaritans were come unto him, they besought him that he would tarry with them, and he abode there two whole days; for many had believed on him for the saying of the woman, and many more believed because of his own word.'

The following will do to accompany the '*Magnetic Fishes*' advertisement, inserted in our last number. It is the card of an enterprising landlord in Havana:

'The Both World Hotel

'Num. 80 San Ignacio Street.

'PLAZA VIEJA.

'In this establishment set as the European style receives ledgers which will find an splendid assistance so in eating as in habitation, therefore the master count with the elements necessary.'

New Music.

MESSRS. WM. HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Old Friends and Other Days*,' by WALLACE: a ballad, with tolerable words and good music. '*The First Love-Letter Polka*,' by CHAS. FRADEL. Why the 'first love-letter' should suggest a polka we cannot conceive, and that the polka will suggest a love-letter we do not believe, but it will doubtless act on the hearer's feet as the love-letter does on a girl's heart, and that is perhaps as near a justification of the title as we can get; it is beautifully illustrated. '*Ferrero's Nineteenth Century Quadrille*,' arranged by C. ELBEL; the directions for the figures accompanying the piece. '*Silver-Bell Quadrilles*,' by GEORGE GIPNER. '*Souvenir d'Allemagne*,' valse de Salon, by WALLACE. '*Years Ago*,' a ballad, by J. R. THOMAS, easy and pleasing. '*Selections from the grand opera Lurline*,' by WALLACE: of these we have '*Gentle Troubadour*,' ballad for mezzo soprano; '*Ave Maria*,' chorus, with baritone and tenor solo; and '*Home of my Heart*,' tenor recitative and ballad. Messrs. HALL AND SON announce that all the songs, ballads, and duetts of this last great work by WALLACE will be transposed and published for parlor use.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, have issued '*Grand Marche a quatre mains*,' par THEODORE HAGEN. The author has done a good service to community by writing this March, for there is a great demand for good four-hand pieces, and this is good. It is full of melody, not difficult, and has already met with general favor. '*Under the Willow she's Sleeping*,' words and music by S. C. FOSTER, a simple melody, but very graceful and pleasant. '*Falling Leaves*,' an autumnal reverie, by JULIUS E. MULLER. '*Bright-eyed Little Nell, of Narragansett Bay*,' a fore-castle melody, written by G. C. W., and arranged by WURZEL. '*March and Chorus, aus R. Wagner's Tannhäuser*,' for piano, by FRITZ SPINDLER. '*Marche des Gibaros*,' pour piano, par L. M. GOTTSCHALK, a piece of considerable difficulty, in an unusual key, and needing careful study. '*Quadrille Russe*,' with description of the figures; music by J. MIKEL. '*Flowers of Spring*,' six brilliant waltzes for piano, composed and carefully fingered for beginners, by J. A. FOWLER.